

The TATLER

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March 17, 1937



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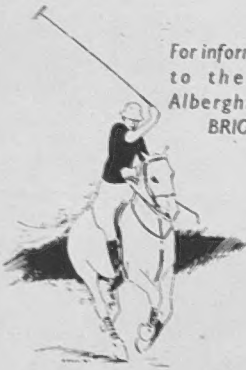
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The TATTLER

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Marcus Adams, Dover Street

THE COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD AND HER SON, LORD FURNEAUX

Lady Birkenhead, formerly the Hon. Sheila Berry, is organising a Pay Party on April 22 in aid of the fund for Vocational Guidance given by the National Institute of Industrial Psychology. The party is to be at 14 Belgrave Square, by kind permission of Lord Dudley, and is certain to be a success. Little Lord Furneaux, Lord and Lady Birkenhead's only and very robust son, was born on April 17 last year, so is due for a celebration very soon

PANORAMA



VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX

Bassano

Who has just been appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber to H.M. Queen Elizabeth. Her husband, now Lord Privy Seal, was Viceroy of India, 1926-31. Lord and Lady Halifax and their family are numbered amongst Yorkshire's most popular personalities, and they spend a good part of the year up there, either at Hickleton Hall or Garrowby. Lady Halifax was Lady Dorothy Onslow before her marriage

"As that abominable tittle-tattle

Which is the cud eschewed
by human cattle."—

BYRON.

"HAVE you heard?"
"Listen, darling!"
"What do you think—"

No, we can't go through a social season without it! The jibber-jabber, chitter-chatter of tongues.

Débutante and Dowager, they are equally to blame, equally guilty. Is it true? Is it kind? That doesn't matter—it is amusing and sensational and, therefore, cannot be missed.

And, after all, why not? It is only your great saint or your great sinner who has no time for scandal. They are too busy.

* * *
Orders, Court dress, and uniforms always give glamour to a party, and that, I suppose, is one of the reasons why the receptions given by the Speaker and Mrs. FitzRoy are among the most interesting and picturesque gatherings in London.



LADY MARY DUNN AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

At a luncheon held at 16, Bruton Street prior to the opening, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, of a Shakespearean Exhibition. The object of the exhibition was to provide funds for the completion by the Shoreditch Housing Association of Burbage House, a block of well-planned and agreeable flats for Shoreditch workers

Owners of celebrated names pass in and out of the panelled rooms. The distinguished, the famous, and those with promising political careers, bow, greet friends, make new acquaintances, and generally enjoy themselves.

Rain poured down on the night of the last reception, and we looked through the small-paned windows on to the swollen grey waters of the Thames rushing past below.

Personal friends of the host and hostess reinforced the official guests. There were many M.P.s and their wives, and the Duchess of Abercorn wore her magnificent tiara of diamonds and sapphires. The only other guest to rival the Duchess's jewellery was Lady Ilchester. Her necklace of large black pearls equals, I think,

those owned by Mrs. Beatrice Cartwright, and that is saying a good deal.

* * *
Pressure of public duties and "settling in" at Buckingham Palace have kept the King and Queen too busy for them to entertain guests in any considerable numbers. To-day, however, they will be having the first dinner-party since their accession, in the setting of the white and gold State dining-room.

On Thursday of last week Their Majesties the King and Queen were also entertaining, the occasion being their first afternoon reception and the guests members of the Diplomatic Corps amongst others, and, as the sun shone for it, was just as it should be. Yesterday, March 16, was the date of the second reception.

The Buckingham Palace afternoon parties are always as informal as parties given by a King and Queen to specially favoured subjects can be. Queen Mary started the practice of appearing hatless, thus introducing a "homey"



MORE DISTINGUISHED LUNCHEON GUESTS

The Countess of Lytton and H.E. the French Ambassador were also to be found at 16, Bruton Street last week when a three-day Shakespearean Exhibition for Shoreditch was inaugurated. M. André Charles Corbin has been en poste in London since 1933 and his circle of friends over here is outstandingly large

feeling to these gatherings. She and King George V used to move freely among their guests, stopping to talk here and there to special friends. But I hope to give you details of these Palace parties next week.

* * *

It takes a lot of public spirit to throw open one's house, including one's cherished possessions, to an army of strangers, even charitable ones. Lady Weigall, however, was bearing up wonderfully well under the ordeal at the White Rose Ball held at her house in Porchester Terrace last week.

Of course, she's an expert at "transport" in her wheel chair and can get from room to room amazingly quickly, although how she managed to be in the hall at one moment and in the ball-room (a journey that involved going down a flight of steps to the marquee in the garden) a few seconds later is beyond me.

Several of the older women present grew almost sentimental as they looked at the green and white striped muslin used to line the marquee put up for a ball and supper room. "It reminds me of when I came out forty years ago," sighed one of the more elderly visitors, and the room, hung with long strands of white paper roses, certainly had a suggestion of the "nineties" about it, although I'm sure that no marquee of that date was so scientifically warmed! Huge flowers with glowing red centres framed in chromium-plated leaves hung round the walls. At first one thought them to be some exotic form of decoration until a closer inspection showed them to be electric heaters.

The Earl of Athlone came with Lady May Abel Smith and her husband. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone was still not well enough to go out, although she is making a good recovery from her attack of gastric influenza. Lady May, small and neat figured, still looks almost a schoolgirl, an illusion strengthened by the clusters of small curls arranged all



IN TOWN ONE NIGHT

Taken actually at the San Marco the night the new cabaret opened. In the picture are Mr. R. D. Rose, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Miss Zena Dare), Lord Milford Haven and Miss Dorothy Dickson, who is one of the high lights in that continuing success, *Careless Rapture*, at Drury Lane, as also is Zena Dare



Yevonde

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES BALFOUR

A recently taken portrait of Lord Ashburton's second daughter, the former Hon. Aurea Baring, who married Major Charles James Balfour in 1917. Major Balfour is in the Scots Guards (Reserve), and is a kinsman of the Earl of Antrim, his mother, Lady Helena Balfour, being one of Lord Antrim's great-aunts

round her head.

The Countess of Durham was one of those who gave a dinner party for the ball. Her pale cyclamen pink satin dress looked lovely with

air, though it hardly needed snow to tell us that. Despite fur coats, "sensible" shoes, and other aids to warmth, it was impossible to guard against chattering teeth and that most unbecoming of all blemishes, a red nose.

The present fashion for vivid colours has gone a great deal towards brightening a crowd of race-goers whose taste used to run only to beige or brown tweeds. The most enterprising race-goer in this matter of colour at Cheltenham wore a purple frieze suit relieved with a dash of scarlet on the revers and a hat in which both colours were again introduced. The result was certainly gay. Two other cheerful looking figures were Lady Penrhyn, in parrot green, and the Hon. Mrs. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, in an aquamarine blue tweed.

Tall Lady Lettice Cotterell looked, as usual, very attractive. She is the eldest and loveliest of the four Lygon sisters. While

(Continued overleaf)



H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR. GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON AND A GIB. APE

The above picture is probably unique in the whole history of The Rock, for never before has one of the official apes had the honour of being in the same picture as the Governor. These monkeys are on the ration strength of the garrison owing to an old superstition that if they die out we lose the Rock

PANORAMA—continued

she was racing, a young cousin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Lygon, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, wearing a robe originally worn by the late Dowager Countess Beauchamp.

Lord and Lady Cromwell, first-class game shot Lady Chesham, and Lady Jean Dundas were other well-knowns I saw, but the attendance was poor. A pity, because it was a good day, and when Free Fare fulfilled the expectations of his backers by winning the Champion Hurdle absentees missed a thrilling race.

Dances for débutantes are now taking place almost every night, and it is not essential to be seventeen to enjoy them. One or two hostesses have already tried the experiment of mixing ages, and found it answered very well. Older people have been too apt in past years to take it for granted that their presence was an embarrassment to younger people. Now it seems they are revising the opinion.

Mildred Lady Oranmore and Browne mixed her guests very successfully at the dance she gave last week for Marion Kielberg. Guests ranged from contemporaries of her parents, the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton, to seventeen- and eighteen-year-olds.

Lady Moyne was there with her striking-looking débutante daughter, the Hon. Grania Guinness, whose serious study of ballet does not, it seems, interfere with her enjoyment of ball-room dancing.

A couple of young and lovely Duchesses at this ball were the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Duchess of Norfolk, the latter accompanied by her hard-worked, serious-looking husband, and I can well believe the thousand and one details to which he has to attend in connection with the Coronation are quite enough to keep anyone looking serious. Only those who have a real acquaintance with the ritual of Court ceremonial and etiquette realise the difficulties, and how easily feelings may be hurt. If the Duke negotiates the next three months without inadvertently injuring susceptibilities he'll deserve to be proclaimed the most tactful man in Great Britain.

To return to the dance. Thanks to the mixing of ages most of the chaperons found a supper escort, an important point when the greater part of the evening has to be spent sitting on a chair with one's back to the wall (often in a draught) watching others dance! Despite competition from the younger generation, Lady Edward Hay was one of the prettiest women in the room. Her natural ash blonde hair and pale complexion were perfectly set off by a white frock. She was chaperoning her stepdaughter, Maryoth Hay, who came out last year.

Good wishes and many happy returns of the day to Ishbel Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, who celebrated her 80th birthday on March 14, and who hopes to be presenting a débutante to their Majesties at the Court to be held at Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, in the summer. Will any of the youngsters of this generation, one wonders, have enough energy left at eighty, if they live to the age, to enjoy a birthday party, much less insist on eighty candles decorating a birthday cake as a reminder of the occasion?

All her life the Marchioness has been interested in the welfare and progress of women. As President of the International Council of Women she dashed to various parts of the

world to attend congresses, but found time between whiles to take an interest in local affairs—she has been a J.P., among other things. Her resignation of her office as President of the I.C.W. wasn't a sign of decreasing interest in her work, but was merely due to a wish to give a younger woman a chance of holding office.

I confess to a sneaking fondness for the exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society—partly because Private View Day, always on a Sunday, is chosen by Queen Mary as the time for a visit—because the affair then takes on the character of a rather grand, solemn, decorous party—and partly because, tucked away among the exhibits, you are always certain to find something which throws a new light on the exhibitor. How many people, for instance, associate Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt with a talent for miniature woodwork? In his spare time, however, Sir Reginald has executed, among other things, a Queen Anne wash-stand and a secretaire which earned him a silver medal the other day. Most people know of the attractive sketches in pencil which Violet Duchess of Rutland draws so delicately, and no one will be surprised to read that yet another drawing of Lady Diana Cooper (it would be interesting to know how many pictures of her daughter the Duchess has done) is included in the exhibits which bear the Duchess's name. But the medal awarded her this year was for a pencil portrait of Mary Pickford, who arrived in London last week.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AND HER HUSBAND,
THE LATE MR. W. GRAHAM-BROWNE

Universal sympathy has gone forth to one of the world's greatest actresses in a bereavement, the nature of which is so widely recognised. This sympathy is matched with admiration for Miss Marie Tempest's courage and fortitude in playing her part in *Retreat From Folly* at the Queen's Theatre on the very day of her husband's death. It was his last wish that she should do so. It was unfortunately impossible to stop a caricature of Mr. Graham-Browne, which appears in the drama pages of this issue, as they had already gone to press at the time the sad news of his death was received.

"impossible" once she has made up her mind to an undertaking.

Miss Audrey Beaumont-Nesbitt, guest at one of the numerous dances for débutantes this week, will be making her début from Paris! Which sounds rather more complicated than it is in reality. Her father is Military Attaché at our Embassy there, and, as her stepmother will not be able to devote all her time to piloting her stepdaughter through a London season, Miss Beaumont-Nesbitt will be chaperoned respectively by her stepmother, her stepgrandmother, the Hon. Lady Bingham, and occasionally by Lady (Alexandra) Hardinge.

The dinner party, followed by music, given by the Polish Ambassador and Countess Edward Raczyński was a good party. The Countess seldom misses an opportunity of entertaining her guests with Polish artistes. Ida Haendel, the twelve- or fourteen-year-old violinist, who played that night accompanied by Iver Newton, comes from Warsaw, and is a remarkably good performer. An outstanding personality at this party was the Dowager Lady Airlie, a grand figure with her snow-white hair piled high on her head, the purple ribbon of an order making a splash of colour against her white dress. Lady Carisbrooke, too, looked lovely in palest grey.

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DIPLOMATS AT THEIR MAJESTIES' FIRST PARTY



H.E. HERR VON RIBBENTROP
(The German Ambassador)



H.E. SHIGERU YOSHIDA
AND MME. YOSHIDA
(Japan)



FRAU VON RIBBENTROP
(Wife of the German Ambassador)



H.E. QUO TAI CHI AND
MME. QUO TAI CHI
(China)



H.E. BEY FETHI OKYAR AND
MME. FETHI OKYAR
(Turkey)



H.E. COUNT RACZYNSKI AND
COUNTESS RACZYNSKI
(Poland)

Their Majesties' first party of their reign at Buckingham Palace last Thursday, though more rather than less informal, was attended in strong force by the Corps Diplomatique. Nearly one hundred Ambassadors and Ministers and other heads of missions accredited to St. James were there, accompanied in many cases by their wives. The party was also memorable by reason of the fact that it was the first Royal function at which the two little Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret, had a chance of "helping." A few of the Foreign Ambassadors and other representatives have been assembled in this page of snapshots, and amongst them all upon no one is the spotlight of interest more strongly focussed than upon Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador, who is regarded by many people as a keystone in European politics of the moment. His Excellency greeted the King with a modified form of the Nazi salute and then bowed. Both H.E. and Frau von Ribbentrop are personally extremely popular in London Society, and one of their sons is being educated at Westminster and a daughter at Heathfield. The party, which was principally dominated by tea, lasted two hours and was in every way a pleasant and very friendly function



DIANA NAPIER AND RICHARD TAUBER, WHO ARE IN "I PAGLIACCI"

The screen story of Leoncavallo's great opera is still being groomed, and is a Max Schach Trafalgar Films picture which is being directed by Karl Grune. Richard Tauber ought to be a magnificent Canio, and his attractive young wife is playing opposite to him. Arthur Margetson is also one of the principals, and success should be assured. No opening date has yet been announced

MISS GARBO has appeared in *La Dame aux Camélias*, and the performance must be a challenge to all the older critics. To the young gentlemen who were appointed film-critics the day they first got into trousers it cannot be a challenge, because they have no recollection of anything wherewith to compare it. On the subject of Sarah Bernhardt I am alleged to be untrustworthy, and indeed I make no bones about saying that no actress that I have ever seen approached within ten thousand miles of her. And I do not believe that any actress to come will approach within fifty thousand! Therefore, this article will contain no word of what I personally thought about Sarah's Marguerite, though the performance is as vivid to me to-day as when, close on fifty years ago, I ran away from home to see it. But I shall give here one or two passages in the hope that our little Oxford suck-a-thumbs may get some notion of what Sarah was like. The first is from Mr. Maurice Baring:—

When I have seen the parts that Sarah Bernhardt made her own performed by lesser artists, I have wondered what happens to the play. If it was classical, *Phèdre*, for instance, one wondered where all the glory that was Greece, and all the grandeur that was Versailles, and all the music that was Racine had gone to: one longed in vain for those haunting, thirsty eyes that sent an electric current through the whole theatre, for that voice that made you think the words were being spoken for the first time; for those gestures which were too swift to analyse, for that harmony and rhythm in utterance, movement, speech and silence, crescendo and diminuendo, speed and pause and delay, that combined to produce and build something as concrete as a beautiful frieze or statue, as logical and ordered and disciplined as a great fugue, and as intangible as the gleam of sunshine on a wave or the reflection of a rainbow in the clouds.

Will young Oxford write this about Miss Dietrich or even Miss Harding? Two other aspects of Sarah might interest our young Solons. The first is shown in a passage from Sarcey's *La Comédie-Française à Londres*. "Nothing," says Sarcey, "can convey any idea of the infatuation she has aroused. It amounts to madness. When she is about to appear a quiver runs through the audience; she appears, and an Ah! of joy and rapture is heard on all sides. The house listens with rapt attention, bodies bent forward, glasses glued to eyes; they will not lose a word, and only when she has finished break into a fury of applause. Outside the theatre they speak of no one else." Does any film actress monopolise conversation outside the cinemas of to-day?

THE CINEMA

"Camille" By JAMES AGATE

Of Sarah's Marguerite Gautier, C. E. Montague wrote close on forty years ago:—

Of Mme. Bernhardt's acting it is enough to say to those who know it that it has lost nothing of its incomparable grace and delicacy. It is impossible to describe the value and interest which the actress's delivery lends to passages with no great quality of their own. Uttered by her, such sentences as "on nous abandonne et les longues soirées succèdent aux longs jours," or "ainsi, quoi qu'elle fasse, la créature tombée ne se relèvera jamais," sink into the mind and remain vibrating there, like commonplace words set to the finest music. It is not that her delivery presents them in high relief. As elocution among actors goes, comparatively little relief or sharpness of edge is given to any of her passages. Rather, she contrives to envelop whole scenes in a softening and blurring haze of diffused tenderness, the effect of the caressing voice carried on and rendered continuous by marvellous fertility in expression and gesture. The writing and re-writing of the farewell letter to Armand, the more restrained passages of the dialogue with the elder Duval, and, again, the more subdued passages of the conflict of agonising passions in the fourth act—these were fine enough, but one almost forgot their excellence in the supreme pathos of the scene of reconciliation. We can remember no more deeply touching moment at the theatre than that at which Marguerite rises from the sofa just before her death and tries to walk a few steps with a pitiful little attempt to be strong and at ease, like a child that hopes it can go alone. At the wistful fingering of Nichette's bridal veil, at the repetition by heart of the letter from Armand's father, and at the gesture with which Marguerite runs to Armand, crying, "Oh! ce n'est pas toi; il est impossible que Dieu soit si bon," Mme. Bernhardt again reached almost the highest point of achievement. But the whole performance was wonderfully fine.

With all this in mind, I still say that Miss Garbo's performance as Marguerite, now to be seen at the Empire, is extremely fine. It nowhere moved me, but only for the reason that Arctic explorers are not going to find an English winter cold. But for other recollections I might have said that the performance was superb, particularly so in view of the fact that the re-fashioners of the story have imposed upon her an almost grotesquely American pair of Duvals. I am amazed at the ingenuity with which scenario-mongers will take a good story and spoil it. The elder Duval's plea that Marguerite shall sacrifice herself is made on behalf of the daughter who is going to be married; the film makes the daughter married already! In the play, Armand comes back to a deserted country house. The film substitutes for this a shot of Garbo traipsing on foot at night across the fields to the Château of the Comte de Varville! The death scene is cut to ribbons, and nowhere in the film is Marguerite allowed to deliver herself of that Dumasian ethic whose kernel is: "Ainsi, quoi qu'elle fasse, la créature tombée ne se relèvera jamais! Dieu lui pardonnera peut-être, mais le monde sera inflexible!" The youngest of my colleagues, Mr. Paul Dehn, appears not to have perceived that the piece is essentially concerned with Dumasian ethic, and that its atmosphere should be wholly that of the patchouli'd boudoir of the 'fifties. His complaint is that not enough of it happens out of doors!

When the picture's atmosphere seems frowsty and fusty for lack of an airing; when tantalising glimpses of a meadow, a mountain, a cottage garden, a country lane are whipped off the screen with the peevish insistence of your self-styled invalid who refuses to sit in a draught—there is just cause for complaint.

It is true that there are meadows and so forth. But what meadows! Meadows painted with more lady-smocks and cuckoo-buds than Shakespeare ever dreamed of, and thicker with asphodel than a page of early Milton. Meadows so clustered with lambs and doves that Miss Garbo can hardly thread her way through them. In the original, old Duval comes to plead with Marguerite for his daughter's wedding. In the film he finds Marguerite attending a bees' wedding with a bee-keeper's veil over her head and shoulders. I gather that this open-air part of the film was honey to Mr. Dehn, who gives it as his considered opinion that this is probably Garbo's worst picture! Perhaps it is permissible for a critic who has seen more performances of the play than some of his colleagues number years to say that Miss Garbo's portrayal of a classic part is very good indeed.

THE ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (ESSEX SIDE) HUNT BALL



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MRS. HARTER, MR. CLERKE-BROWN, MISS HARKER, CAPTAIN THE HON. C. BERNARD AND MISS BELLINGHAM-SMITH



MISS CHAWORTH-MUSTERS AND MR. ERIC DAWNAY OBVIOUSLY IN HEART

Mr. Bechely Crundall lent Berechurch Hall, near Colchester, for the Essex and Suffolk (Essex Side) Hunt Ball, which had Marius B. Winter and his band, a first-rate floor, plenty of enthusiastic supporters, and a general air of jollity. Captain C. G. L. Marriott, now sole Master of the Essex side of the Essex and Suffolk, joined Lt.-Col. C. G. Mangles in the Mastership in 1934. He hunts hounds himself. Lt.-Col. A. C. L. Theobald, Honorary Secretary for four seasons, is seen with Lord Lauderdale's aunt, Lady Ada Nield, who is married to Mr. Arnold Nield and lives at Alresford Grange in the Colchester neighbourhood. In spite of his mask, Captain the Hon. Charles Bernard found himself recognised by the camera: Lord Bandon's brother is Adjutant 1st Battn. Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. They are stationed at Colchester and so are the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, in which Mr. P. A. C. Bridgewater is a subaltern. The Hon. Mrs. Bridgewater was the Hon. Vanda Vivian before her marriage. Essex is the home country of that very distinguished sporting artist, Mr. A. J. Munnings, who goes hunting with great zest



MAJOR STIRLING, CAPTAIN SANGSTER, MR. AND THE HON. MRS. BRIDGEWATER



AT CHEQUERED CHELTENHAM: THE HON. MRS. G. HAMILTON-RUSSELL AND CAPTAIN VERNEY

A snapshot on the first day of the badly hampered National Hunt Meeting, the second day of which had to be postponed on account of the weather—and this on top of the initial postponement of the whole meeting was a mean trick on the part of the Clerk of the Weather. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell is a daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Lloyd Verney and her husband is Lord Boyne's eldest son and heir. Captain Verney is Mrs. Hamilton-Russell's elder brother

calamity. I hope, as was done last year, mixed flat and jumping meetings will be allowed later on.

Meanwhile, with gallops under snow or two feet deep in mud, flat-race trainers are having a bad time. The man who is hardest hit is the specialist in small and early ones bought at auction at about a monkey a dozen. These little creatures are as ephemeral as a mayfly, burgeoning forth at Lincoln and turning into spent gnats well before Epsom Spring. Whether the going is mud or bricks they've got to be fit by the start of the season. In this going, galloping them probably pulls to pieces as many or more than it gets fit, but the chance has to be taken, and what with one getting lost in the mud and not found for a month, and another getting loose and being killed by the terriers the others have all got to turn out trumps.

I had the privilege of seeing a very different sort of string to this the other day when I went down for the Master of Beckhampton's annual staff party. And what a party! I can imagine few things worse than having to turn out the morning after, at 6 a.m., to ride out on a pulling, yawning three-year-old in a biting wind. The idea of this didn't seem, however, to fret the boys much overnight, though it struck me next morning that the string was more pensive and less given to snatches of song and whistling than usual. The day after I was allowed to see the two-year-olds work, and that is where provincial training centres are so far ahead of Newmarket. People talk about the variety of gallops and change of scene for the horses, but what stands out alone to my

Racing Ragout By "GUARDRAIL"

THIS continuous snow and rain is a tragedy as regards racing under both codes. There aren't so very many good prizes to be won in the jumping world, and with about three-quarters of them given at Cheltenham, the whole season hangs on the National Hunt meeting, with which any interference is a

mind is that, instead of having to ride a gassy hack into the teeth of the wind and sit around in the cold, the whole thing can be done, by a spectator, from a car driven about over the gallops. Even on the coldest morning it is a pleasure to sit in a comfortable saloon well rugged up with the radio playing something hot and snappy while blue-handed, blue-nosed men gallop by. That evening Ivor Anthony showed me round his horses at Wroughton, a grand lot of big galloping quality jumpers that I envied. I don't suppose there is a better stableman than Ivor; and rain, snow, or shine all his boxes have the half-door open day and night. The horses look grand, and, funnily enough, don't grow the long coats one would imagine.

What a wonderful old horse is Free Fare. Fences, hurdles or flat, everything comes alike to him except hard going. Bought as a successor to Residue, who was an equal money spinner, Ben Warner will be having to look out for a successor to Free Fare soon, or Ted won't get enough cigars to eat. The burning question now is, what will win the National? The Lincoln is impossible of solution, except by blindly following the market and backing a horse out of a stable that always connects early. Edgehill probably comes under this heading, but personally I have, and shall have, no bet. My National selection, Drinmore Lad, has gone wrong on us, and the other early fancies have all been well beaten. On the score of class Golden Miller stands out,

and (writing this on the Wednesday) if the Gold Cup isn't run at Cheltenham, barring a fall he should win his second National. A horse with a great chance should be Harry Brown's Didoric, and I am divulging no secret when I say that he is very much fancied—in fact, as a recent winner in deep going I would sooner chance a pound or two on him than on anything else.

Have I told the perfectly true story of a lady I know who asked a friend on the course if his horse had a chance. "I'm afraid not," he said. "I'm only running him to get off a bit of weight." "How ridiculous," she said, "why can't you do that at home, and, anyway, he looked to me to be thin enough as it is."

I have just been talking to another gentleman in the horse world, a martyr to the inclement weather. Owning a livery stable about twenty miles from London, he showed me a string of ten alleged horses wearing about seven hairs between the lot of them and standing in a foot of filth. "Do you teach children?" I asked. "No," said he, "mine's a theatrical job. They mostly comes down and rides weekends, the middle of the week is always slack, but there's nothing doing just now. These chorus ain't sports, they won't ride in this weather." Who would ever have dreamed of getting a living by hiring hacks to the chorus, or who would have dreamed that the chorus would get a kick out of riding a shambling hairless horse in an old

army saddle and a rusty snaffle?

The following are the final acceptors for the Grand National: Golden Miller (Walwyn), Royal Mail (E. Williams), What Have You (Mr. Streett), Cooleen (Fawcus), Ready Cash (T. F. Carey), Delaneige (Hamey), Dawmar (J. Ward), Didoric (Nicholson), Tapinois (Maxwell), Delachance (Moloney), Buckthorn (Piggott), Ego (Mr. H. Llewellyn), Don Bradman (Mr. A. Marsh), Keen Blade (Mr. E. Paget), Pucka Belle (Mr. E. Bailey), Crown Prince (Mr. R. Strutt), Sunspot II (Everett), Emancipator (Mr. Cazalet), Misdemeanour II (Magee), Pencraik (Archibald), Flying Minutes (Hobbs), Kiltol (Capt. Harding), Dryburgh (Carter), Drim (Mr. Tighe), Irvine (Baxter), Blaze (Parvin), Uncle Batt (D. McCarthy), Field Master (Mr. Densham), Milk Punch (G. Wilson), Sugar Loaf (E. J. Carr), True Blue (Mr. Cohen), Spionaud (E. Brown), Passing Fancy (—).



ALSO AT CHELTENHAM: THE HON. DEBORAH MITFORD AND MR. DIXON

Two more of the hopeful people who went to Cheltenham possibly fearing the worst. The Hon. Deborah Mitford is the youngest of Lord and Lady Redesdale's six daughters. The Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup was the principal plat on this day, and was won by Mr. B. Warner's Free Fare, starting a good favourite at 2 to 1

FOR ONE DAY ONLY: THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING



MRS. DAVENPORT, LADY LETTICE COTTERELL
AND MRS. GUY FARQUHAR



MISS DIANA CLARKE, MRS. CARLOS CLARKE, SIR
PETER GRANT LAWSON AND MAJOR CLARKE



LADY MARY LYGON WITH MR. H.
ATHERTON BROWN



MRS. JOAN NOBLE AND
MISS HELEN GILLILAND

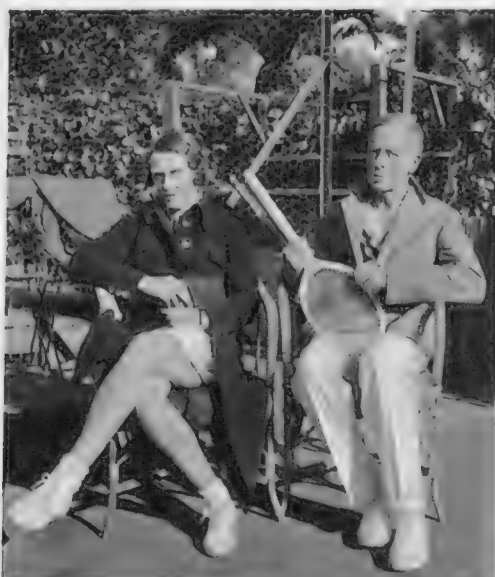


CAPTAIN JAMESON, LADY THOMAS AND
THE HON. MRS. BRYAN BELLEW



LORD AND LADY
CROMWELL

That Cheltenham's famous National Hunt Meeting, which, bar Aintree, is the most popular 'chasing fixture of the year, should have been confined to one day only; after a week's postponement, was a real disaster. Here are a few of the people lucky enough to have been there on the Tuesday, when racing was well up to the high standard expected of it. That well-known amateur rider and member of the National Hunt Committee, Captain Sir Peter Grant Lawson, was for once not weighing not, so had all the more time to talk to friends. Miss Diana Clarke, who was with her father and step-mother, looked particularly agreeable. Other decorative features of the members' enclosure were Lady Lettice Cotterell, her sister, Lady Mary Lygon, and Miss Helen Gilliland, of stage fame. Lady Thomas is Sir Godfrey Thomas's wife, and the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Bellew, Lord Bellew's sister-in-law, was Miss Jeanie Jameson before her marriage. Mr. Harry Atherton Brown was being congratulated on saddling the winner of the Hurst Park Trial 'Chase, Didoric, whose impressive performance certainly brings him into the Grand National picture; Didoric's weight for Aintree is 10 st. 10 lb., and H. Nicholson will ride him



MR. AND MRS. ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS
AT MONTE CARLO

During the intervals of putting the finishing touches to his latest novel, "They Want To Be Faithful," the famous novelist and his wife play a bit of lawn tennis in the various tournaments, he incidentally having just won the Veterans' Championship Cup. Mr. Crawshaw-Williams' previous books, "Hotel Exit," "Night On the Riviera," and "Young Man's Fancy," all had their scenes laid on the Riviera

only a tiny group of the people who inhabit this crowded earth. Billions of them have died; billions of them are as yet unborn. From the height of my window the mass below looks like a heap of ants which, for some strange purpose, have been suddenly disturbed; setting them running about in all directions. The number of them, thus seen in a mass, is rather appalling. Once again the thought strikes me: "What on earth can God want with such unimaginative numbers?" For His great design, surely a few thousands, or even a few millions, would have been sufficient even for Divine Purposes? But no! Billions following billions, following billions for billions of years! And each one thinking himself the centre of the Universe—as, indeed, he is! *His* universe. And, without being in the least degree blasphemous, one wonders at the Why and the Wherefore of it all? When the end of God's plan is reached—what then? Can it be that even the gods are lonely? Or, if not, why the love and the trouble? For what purpose; to what end? It is all very perplexing. Especially in these days, when so few believe utterly in an immediate Heaven or an immediate Hell, and some in neither.

It always puzzles me—the man who denounces the world for its lack of faith. As if it were wilful! As if Faith could be acquired like a suit of new clothes, and religion like turning on a tap! As if every thinking man and woman did not yearn after Faith—if only they might be convinced by it! Maybe, indeed, there is less faith in the world to-day than there has ever been. Yet there is more real religion. And by religion I mean little, and sometimes nothing whatever, to do with a Church. I mean the religion which makes the Divine spark in all men a living, practical, definite achievement. Acts, apart from words, however beautiful. By comparison with the past eras, when organised religion alone

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

World
Congress of
Faiths.

FROM my hotel window looking over Charing Cross I watch thousands of men and women of all ages pouring into the station below. It is the "rush" hour, and everyone truly seems to be rushing for their very lives. The dense crowd of them is staggering. Yet I know that this is

represented God, the world is a heavenly place for the poor, the suffering and the lonely. The churches cry out for a "change of heart," which seems, according to them, to represent a greater observance of their estimable, but often dull and uninspiring, ritual. But a change of heart is already accomplished, or being accomplished. The world is a better place to-day for the poor, the needy and the afflicted than it has ever been. And the progress is rapid. And if that progress, whatever may have inspired it, be not religion in the truest and most satisfying sense, then I know not what religion may be. True, as if to balance this broader charity there are visible signs of reaction to the very darkest pages in human history. War especially. Yet it always seems to me that the greater the good, the greater the evil which seeks to overwhelm it.

But wherever one looks to-day, the good slowly seems to be winning. Better housing, better education, better conditions, a greater anxiety to succour and to save—all these growing achievements and eagerness are religious; or if not religious, then I know not what religion is. As one of the speakers, Mr. Francis Payne, is quoted to have said during the recent World Congress of Faiths—about which Congress Sir Francis Younghusband, its organiser, has written in his inspiring book, "A Venture of Faith" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.): "We had no need to be afraid of God. He was beneficent and good. Nor have we need to fear Nature. She had made a lovely world. We should, therefore, cease trying to master each other and instead co-operate for mutual benefit. In place of rivalry we should exercise that universal virtue, compassion, and realise that the interest of one is the interest of all, that a wrong done to one person is a sin against all. We should cease quarrelling over our own particular views of the Divinity, and, instead, recognise that there is something great, very majestic, that is making for good, and that we must co-operate with It!"

Venture of Faith.

NO Church organised the recent World Congress of Faiths. The Churches officially ignored it. And yet it was one of the most notable events in the religious consciousness of the day. It was a world meeting, organised by Sir Francis Younghusband, where representatives of every religion

came—not to denounce other religions, nor to seek converts, but simply to express the articles of their faith and to discover where each met on a common ground, and, meeting thus, could better comprehend the ideals of the other. The book is made up for the most part of extracts from the various speeches. For anyone who is interested in religion in its spiritually universal sense, it is a book which will prove of immense inspiration. For it shows, if nothing else, how each religion is simply a different way to God: no better, no worse, but different. And how all of them in their rock-bottom essentials meet on the common ground of the same ideal—almost in the same expression of this ideal. What divergences there are, are mostly the divergences of men's pride, of dogma, of theology, of mystical paraphernalia; of the difference in the traditional approach to God; utterly unessential as they appear in the enlightenment of scientific thought and mental freedom.

The main importance of the Congress was to prove to all thinking men and women that though the approach to God differed, the God whom each approached, and the

(Continued on page 476)



MR. AND MRS. JOHN WORBY AT FOYLE'S "OLD
LAGS" LUNCH

The guests of honour at this lunch were Mr. Mark Benney, author of "Low Company," and Mr. John Worby, author of that extraordinary book "The Other Half," which was mainly biographical. Mr. and Mrs. Worby were married just before the luncheon. Mr. Gordon Harker, the famous actor and portrayer of toughs and thugs, was in the chair, and there were speeches dealing with crime and the underworld by the two principal guests

BY THE INLAND SEA



MRS. NETTLEFOLD AND MISS ROSEMARY STANLEY



MRS. ARBUTHNOT-LESLIE, SEÑOR SEBASTIAN DE MIER AND LADY MAPPIN



AT CANNES: MRS. E. MONTEFIORE AND MR. WILLIAM BURTON



THE PRIME MINISTER OF POLAND: M. JOSEPH BECK



LADY BETTESWORTH-PIGGOTT AND SIR ARTHUR ROWLEY

All but one of these pictures come from Monte Carlo, which has returned, this season, to its rightful position as the meeting-ground of Europe. Miss Rosemary Stanley is the Earl of Derby's niece. Señor Sebastian de Mier is Mrs. Arbuthnot-Leslie's son by her first marriage. They are seen with Lady Mappin, who was Miss Ruby Duff before her marriage to Sir Charles Mappin in 1930. Mrs. E. Montefiore is best remembered as Alice O'Brien, the prima donna. M. Joseph Beck, as Premier of Poland, is an important figure in Europe; he and his wife are habitués of Monaco. Sir Arthur Rowley has been Consul-General both in Antwerp and Paris, and is a kinsman of Lord Langford. The Earl of Ossory, who was formerly in the Life Guards, is the Marquess of Ormonde's son and heir; he married, in 1915, the Hon. Sybil Fellowes, who is an aunt of Lord de Ramsey

ON RIGHT : THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF OSSORY



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

manner in which He revealed Himself in love and compassion and helpfulness, is identical. As M. Berdiaeff told the Congress, as representative of the Greek Orthodox Church: "The law concerning loving one's neighbour had been construed by each member of a given denomination as referring especially to his co-religionist. But it should not be thus limited: it should apply to all. Christ is with all men; He is even with those who do not consider themselves Christian. Indeed, the universality of Christianity should be infinitely greater than that on which the Catholic and all other Churches pride themselves. Christians might well recognise that the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Jew, the Muslim, and the free-thinking spiritualist, if they strive after God, the spiritual life, truth, goodness, belong to the Church of Christ, to its God. And they may be much more spiritual, much nearer God and Christ, than the outward adepts of Christianity. Christ is also with those who are not with Him. Genuine spirituality goes beyond the narrow boundaries of Christian denominations."

But I could quote the contents of this most interesting book for many pages. Especially, if space allowed, would I quote the whole of Dr. T. Suzuki's address on the Supreme Spiritual Ideal from the Japanese stand-point, because of the simple beauty of the word-pictures themselves and because his ideal seemed to me to embody a whole philosophy of happy living. At the end of the book one respects enormously the Universal Religion, while giving only half-hearted support to the parochial kind, which too often embodies merely a wealthy, proud, jealous, and self-satisfied bigotry.

Thoughts from "A Venture of Faith."

"Imperialism in religion is quite as bad as land-grabbing in politics. Jesus Himself gave no excuse for proselytising."

"What men should do is to take goodness, charity and fellow-feeling to people, irrespective of whether those people will join their particular fold. If men would do that there would be greater fellowship."

"Argument about religion is not religion."

"A person who prays for the satisfaction of his ordinary material needs is one who prays to a small god."

A Delightful Entertainment.

Let me say in the beginning that I most thoroughly enjoyed "George A. Birmingham's" new novel, "Mrs. Miller's Aunt" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). It is the greatest fun—not so far removed from real life as to be farcical. Miss Penelope Pine is Mrs. Miller's aunt, and she is "relation" in its most virulent form. Needless to say, she is immensely rich, because poor relations can't very well be "virulent." Mrs. Miller, her niece, lives with her in a huge and lovely old Queen Anne house near Richmond Park which Miss Pine has furnished in the ghastly taste which makes demand and supply such a mystery on occasion.

With Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Miller's aunt lives Mr. Miller, an elderly stockbroker. Mrs. Miller, however, has lived so long completely under the thumb of her aunt that she has reached that "numb" stage which tries to feel that it ought immediately to be "grateful" to Heaven by thinking of others immeasurably worse off. Mr. Miller, however, is the main object of Miss Pine's fanaticism. This fanaticism changed periodically without making much spiritual progress. Recently it had been Christian Science. At the time the story opens it is Spiritualism.

It was bad enough to live with a tyrant and her slave, but to live in a house crawling with spectres was too much even for Mr. Miller. He complained to his cronies at his club—the Buffers' Club: "meant for undistinguished men," and therefore one of the most restful in London. They sympathised by listening, but were powerless otherwise. All except Father Nolan, who decided to help Miss Pine must be given another enthusiasm to cure her of the present one. And there is no cure so fine as nausea. Father Nolan becomes her "medium," much to the disgust of the present one, Fedora. However, Fedora had rather quered her pitch by describing love in the third sphere—and love in the third sphere, apparently, was enjoyable and nice—two unpardonable qualities in that kind of love where Miss Pine was concerned. So Father Nolan, as medium, stuck to ideas on refurnishing the house rather than dealing with sex-emotions in any sphere. The result was that Mrs. Miller's aunt became so excessively eighteenth-century that—well, the solution is as funny as anything in the book. And very funny the story is in the well-known Birminghamesque way. For me it is grand entertainment.



Hay Wrightson

MRS. ALEXANDER ABEL SMITH

A recent portrait of the charming American wife of Mr. Alexander Abel Smith, who is a younger brother of Major Henry Abel Smith, who married Lady May Cambridge. Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith, who was only married a short time ago in America, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Bradley Moran, of Biltmore, North Carolina. She was one of the American debutantes of 1934

The Simple Things of Life.

"Random Journey" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), by R. W. Barnard, is a pleasant mixture of story and simple travel-book. Benevenuto Haskard, a bachelor in his thirties, intends to join a party

of friends to spend a holiday at Brighton. For no reason whatsoever, however, he buys a second-hand car and goes away on his own. The book is a pleasant narrative of his adventures, which conclude with Ann—the very girl for him. There is nothing very startling about the adventures, but their simplicity is such a jolly simplicity that the book possesses a subtle charm. Many people will enjoy it very much. Much as they will enjoy Miss Ursula Bloom's new novel, "Three Cedars" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), which is the story—a love-story, of course—of a family and their beloved old home from 1830 until the sad "present," when the land had to be sold and a garden city arose on its site. But it was sold, nevertheless, with the happiest result for the modern lovers, so all was very well.

TWO PLAYS OF TO-DAY



IN "GEORGE AND MARGARET": NIGEL PATRICK AND JANE BAXTER



Photos.: Peter Clark

JANE BAXTER AS "FRANKIE"



Photos.: Houston Rogers

"NIGHT ALONE" AT DALY'S: HELEN HORSEY, RICHARD BIRD AND BERYL MEASOR; (ON RIGHT) MARGOT LANDA AND DENIS VAL-NORTON



"George and Margaret," at Wyndham's, is a singular play in that it achieves the level of a thoroughly satisfactory comedy while yet having practically nothing in the way of a story. Clever writing by Gerald Savory and some very fine work by the cast achieve this amusing result. "Night Alone" is a farce in which Richard Bird as Charles Seaton is led away from the stricter paths of marital monkishness and wakes up in a flat where he should not be at all, to be arrested as a dope-smuggler and subsequently to battle his way out of the hands of the law in time to meet, once more clothed in respectability, his adoring wife. Mr. Bird puts up a fine performance and much of the play's success must be credited to him

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

THE golfing season, if the term really stands for anything, begins with the University match at Prince's, Sandwich, next Tuesday and Wednesday—despite assertions to the effect that it began with some qualifying rounds of the Midland section of a professional tournament. According to present intentions, the two teams will line up as follows, though not necessarily in this order—

Cambridge: P. B. Lucas (captain), G. G. D. Carter (hon. sec.), J. D. A. Langley, J. W. D. Goodban, T. S. Winton, G. Dixon, S. Dalley, J. B. Ellis, R. B. Boulter, R. O. Booth.

Oxford: N. S. Mitchell-Innes (captain), K. B. Scott (hon. sec.), K. N. Fisher, W. I. E. Thorburn, J. C. Lawrie, C. I. Ramsden, F. D. Physick, C. F. Grieve, J. B. Webb, C. B. Walker.

From a fairly extensive observation during the past two terms, I have to admit that I see no possible chance of Oxford winning the match. On the other hand, from a fairly extensive observation during the previous two terms, I was able to reveal in 1935 that Cambridge had no chance: on that occasion they won by the odd point, thus affording me much pleasure as one of their supporters but somewhat damaging my reputation as a prophet.

In 1935, though, Oxford were by all human standards the better team, and their ultimate defeat cannot obscure that fact. Indeed, they were, on paper and by performance, superior by as big a margin as Cambridge are superior this year. A team weaker than its opponents may win any single match, but cannot be reckoned to win over an extended series: thus it is a cherished fancy of mine that if I played Bobby Jones a long enough series of eighteen-holes matches, the time would come when I should beat him. But whereas one needs only one miracle for such an occurrence, one needs a series of miracles to enable the weaker side to win a ten-a-side team match. One needs, in fact, not only from the winners an exhibition something a little better than their best, but from the losers a certain streak of timidity which shall transmit itself from one to the other throughout the team.

Oxford in 1935 had that streak. I do not call it "yellow," the adjective usually applied to the word "streak," because it was not basically as bad as that: it was simply the natural

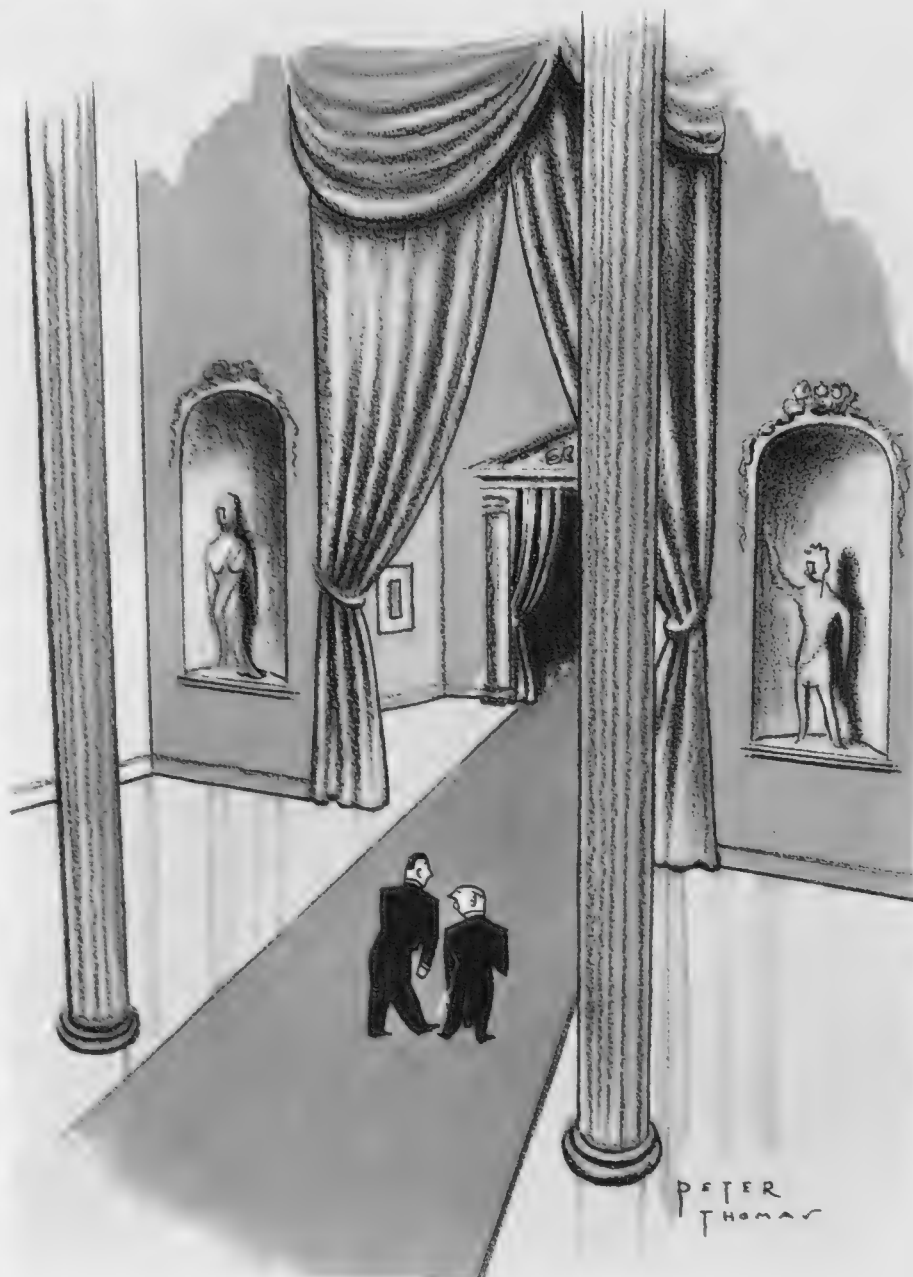
panic that overtakes a fellow when he sees his little world crumbling about him. This year Oxford may, when the time comes, surpass their previous efforts, but if they are to win the match they must be aided and abetted by Cambridge. And I cannot think that this will happen. I am trusting that after all their hard practice, tuition, and what not, Cambridge will be tough enough to withstand any temporary shocks early in the day. If they are not, then a great deal of work will have been in vain.

Lucas has been a most energetic captain who has taken his task with a seriousness not always to be noticed among those in his position. That is due perhaps partly to his own natural instincts and partly to the fierce lime-light of publicity which he has somehow managed to attract ever since, at the age of six, he did the third hole at Prince's in one. His smallest action finds its way into the newspapers, and his arranging to take the team to Henry Cotton for coaching was eagerly seized upon as a topic of discussion in the dead season. If it had happened in May or June it would scarcely have received a line.

As a matter of fact, I am waiting eagerly to see just what the result of this special tuition will be. Malicious-minded folk take delight in making gloomy and pessimistic prognostications of the result of changing one's swing so soon before the match; to which I have generally replied: "Well, if you can go to the world's greatest stroke-maker for five days and emerge worse than you were before,

you must indeed be an ass." But if it's true what they say about Cotton—that he has suddenly started teaching people to grip loosely with the left hand and do all the work with the right—then I'm cutting my losses and backing Oxford.

On Lucas himself Cotton has always been a good influence—indeed, he seems to be the only man who can get the best out of him. As to his effect on the rest, it remains to be seen. Winton, whom I played in a club match, was in a rare tangle, trying, so far as I could gather, not to let his left hand know what his right hand was doing: but by the following week-end he had straightened out the tangle and went round the Old course at Walton Heath in 70. If that proves to be the effect on the others who spent five days with the maestro, then maybe my stock as a prophet will rise after all.



"Where's the foyer?"

"Dunno—smell anything burning?"



STARS OF THE ARMY BOXING ASSOCIATION—BY "MEL"

The Army Boxing Championships were held recently at the Albert Hall before enthusiastic crowds. Army boxers are invariably "willing," and their little dust-ups make the efforts of some of our heavy-weight champions "look like ten cents" for vigour—if not, perhaps, for science. "Mel" has here given his impressions of some of the stars that the Army boxer sees most frequently. At the top are: General Sir Walter Kirke, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Director-General of the Territorial Army; Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, G.C.B., K.B.E., Chief of the Imperial General Staff; General Sir Harry Knox, K.C.B., D.S.O., President of the Army Boxing Association and of the Territorial Army Sport Board. In the next three are Lt.-Col. T. H. Wand-Tetley, O.B.E., Vice-Chairman; Colonel J. Aubrey-Smith, Chairman; and Lt.-Col. C. J. Gasson, M.C., Hon. Treasurer of the Association; next are Capt. L. E. Wieler, Hon. Secretary; Capt. L. H. Churcher, Assistant Hon. Secretary; and Lt. A. L. Semmence, Assistant Hon. Secretary and Officers' Light-Heavyweight Champion, 1934. Below are Lt. R. T. Lee, who represents the London District; "Dusty" Miller, the Army team's coach and trainer; and Mr. H. W. Charles, Clerk to the Army Boxing Association since 1925.

AT THE FIRST NIGHT OF

"GREAT POSSESSIONS"



MR. JOHN AND LADY JANE NELSON
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S



MISS HEBER PERCY AND THE
HON. WILLIAM DOUGLAS - HOME
(The Author of the Play)



LORD WILLIAM SCOTT AND LADY RACHEL
DOUGLAS-HOME



KEENLY INTERESTED: MR. AND MRS.
MARK PILKINGTON



LADY DUNGLOSS



MR. ANGUS MENZIES AND SIR EDWARD MARSH



LADY ELPHINSTONE, MR. AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN WILLS
AND LORD ELPHINSTONE

Whether the author, Lord Home's twenty-two-year-old son, or his producer approved of this Oxford Movement play or not, London seemed to like it and to believe the hero possible. The young author (seen above) is said to be the first to leap from his box over the footlights to make his after-the-curtain speech. Mr. Bernard Shaw has said that Mr. Douglas-Home is not to be encouraged. Other people think that he should be. The author's sister-in-law, Lady Dunglass, and one of his sisters, Lady Rachel Douglas-Home, who is engaged to Lord William Scott, were at the Duke of York's Theatre, to support him, and so were many other ardent students of the drama, including very naturally Sir Edward Marsh, who is reputed never to have missed a first night. Lord and Lady Elphinstone are with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. John Wills, who is a cornet in the Life Guards. Lady Jane Nelson, who is with her husband, who is in the Grenadiers, is a sister of the late Duke of Grafton



Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

THE PRINCESS DE CHIMAY AND COUNTESS LOUISE DE CHIMAY

The Princess de Chimay is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful members of haute société. A sister of the equally good-looking Lady Buchanan-Jardine, she is the elder daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton and cousin of Ulster's Governor, the Duke of Abercorn. Her marriage to Prince Alphonse de Chimay, who is in the Scots Guards Reserve of Officers, took place in 1922. Ten years later Countess Louise de Chimay arrived. This attractive young person was christened Pamela Thérèse Louise, but prefers her third name for use

THE TEDWORTH HUNT BALL



MR. PETER FLOWER AND MISS
LYDIA HUTH



JUST ENGAGED: MISS VAN HAEFTEN
AND THE HON. PATRICK SEELY



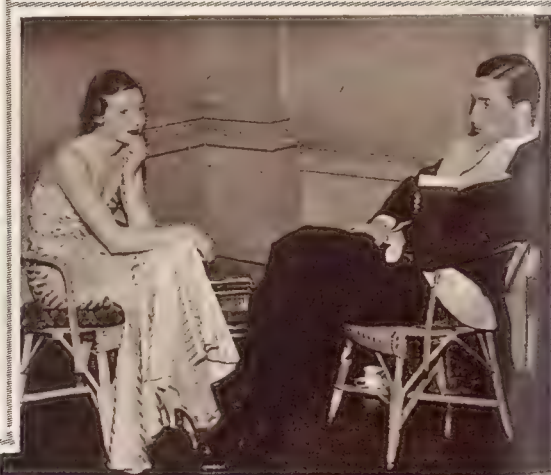
MISS DIANA LLOYD AND
MR. PETER HANKEY



CAPTAIN PEEL AND MRS. SANDFORD,
WITH MAJOR AND MRS. HUGGINS



LT.-COLONEL R. L. MCCREERY
AND LADY ERNEST ST. MAUR



MISS AUDREY TRAVERS WITH MR. GRANT
SINGER, M.F.H. (THE HURSLEY)



MAJOR J. F. EASTWOOD, M.P., AND MISS
BUTLER, A DÉBUTANTE OF THIS SEASON

The Tedworth Hunt Ball held this year at Tidworth House, the Southern Command Officers' Club, was a very spirited affair, but everyone missed Lady Wright, the senior Joint-Master, who has gone cruising to make recovery from her bad accident of seven months ago complete. Her colleague in office, Sir Gordon Ley, and Lady Ley, had filled Furze Down for the occasion; their party included Lady Ley's daughter, Miss Van Haeften, and the Hon. Patrick Seely, who announced their engagement at the Ball. Sir Gordon Ley, who married Sir Philip Brocklehurst's sister as his second wife, used to have the Hursley. Mr. Grant Singer, son of Mrs. Washington Singer, took them at the end of last season. Lt.-Colonel R. L. McCreery, who commands the 12th Lancers, and captained their polo team when they won the Inter-Regimental last year, is seen talking to a kinswoman by marriage of the Duke of Somerset. Major Eastwood represents Kettering in Parliament



LADY LEY HAVING SUPPER
WITH PRINCE GALITZINE

Photos.: Swabe

WHO'S WHO IN JAMAICA



WEARING THE ISLAND TARTAN WITH MR. HENRY
WHITEHOUSE : MISS CONSTANCE WORRALL



SUNNING AT CASA BEACH : MAJOR
AND MRS. BILL NAPIER



SIR RALPH GORE, WHO HAD JUST
BAGGED THREE ALLIGATORS



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD REIGEL AND
MISS DU PONT AT MONTEGO BAY



MAJOR R. A. R. NEVILLE, R.M.



MAJOR W. L. KENTISH, MISS SYLVIA KENTISH
AND MR. WALTER KARRI-DAVIES

All these pictures from the island of sunshine and likewise sugar, may make anyone who is in residence in the British Isles a bit envious. Jamaica is a pleasant spot, and the sun shines with discretion at almost any place on the island—Constant Springs, Nassau, Montego—you can take your pick and find a winner every time. Mr. Henry Whitehouse, an American who was educated in England, is the brother of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry, widow of someone whose name will live for ever in steeplechasing annals. The Hon. Charles Coventry was a younger son of the late Earl. Major Bill Napier is a cousin of Sir Duncan Hay, and he and his wife have a very charming house in Peeblesshire. Sir Ralph and Lady Gore have been wintering in Jamaica. The photographer expressed regret at not being able to include in the picture the three alligators which Sir Ralph Gore had just shot! He is sailing in America's Cup defender as R.Y.S. observer in the forthcoming races. Mrs. Richard Reigel and her sister, Miss Du Pont, are daughters of the house of Du Pont, of rayon and munition works fame. Major R. A. R. Neville, who is on the staff of the Naval C-in-C., West Indies Station, Admiral the Hon. Sir Matthew Best, was a unit of that good Royal Navy polo team skippered by Lord Louis Mountbatten which went so well in the last Inter-Regimental. Major W. L. Kentish, who is seen with his daughter, used to be a Royal Fusilier, and Mr. Karri-Davies is a son of the late Colonel Walter Karri-Davies, V.C.

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN
BOTT



LONG-LOST MOTHER, TWENTY YEARS AFTER : PAUL LEYSSAC, MARIE TEMPEST,
W. GRAHAM-BROWNE, ANTOINETTE CELLIER, PETER COKE

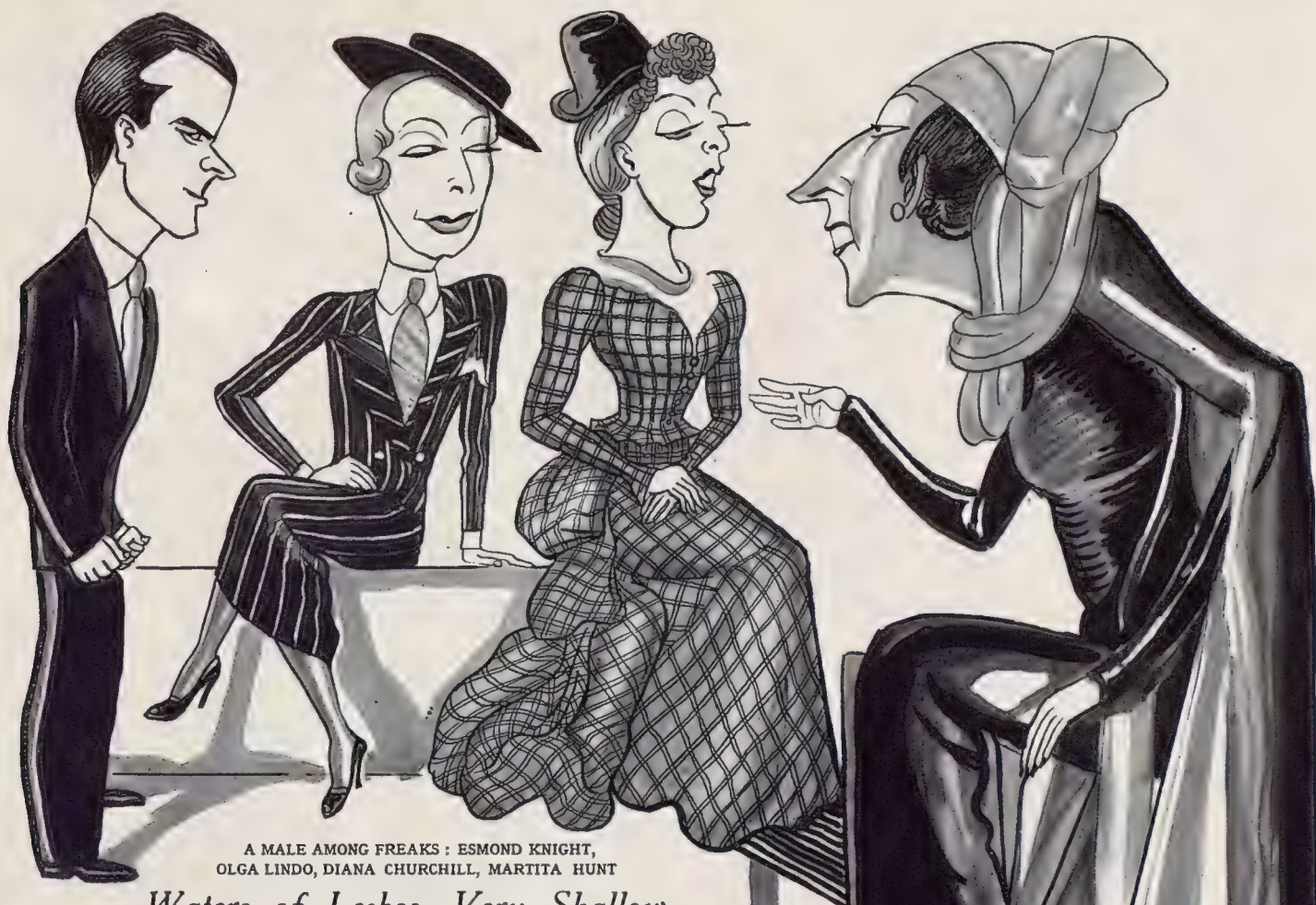
Miss Tempest Continues

IT is not graceless, I trust, to say that Miss Tempest's words on behalf of the Marie Tempest hospital-ward, spoken to her audiences after the curtain has fallen on *Retreat From Folly*, sound as attractive as any passage in the play itself. The comment is intended as a tribute to grace : though the little speech is well composed, what sends even hard-hearted critics away with a warmth in the chest and a more than willing hand for the collectors in the lobby is the manner of its delivery, just after Miss Tempest has finished saving a son from prison, a daughter from worse than folly, and a home from disruption. It is charm of manner, also, that gives flavour to these happenings in the play, which have less novelty than Miss Tempest's appeal at curtain-fall for a fragrant charity.

This time Miss Tempest is by one marriage the widow of an American millionaire and by another the mother of wayward English young who have not seen her since, twenty years ago, an English husband divorced her without custody but with evidently unfounded cause. Coincidence does its considerable part in arranging (1) that the English young shall desert their tyrannical father just when the long-lost mother has brought her New York widowhood to London ; (2) that the middle-aged Franco-American with whom the long-lost daughter wants to elope, or something, is a close friend of the unsuspected mother ; and (3) that the long-lost son, who has become a car-coper, is just round the corner when his unsuspected mother wants to buy a car. With the easiest of finesse Miss Tempest disentangles the daughter and chastens the hapless ex-husband ; and though it is less easy to disentangle an errant son from the consequences of car-theft, she manages it through brave untruth and braver truth, since even Scotland Yard appears to be susceptible to a mother's anguish and a great comedienne's inimitable blandishment. All present, including the audience, seem to love the lady at sight, or at any rate after five minutes of hearing her coax or command. Without her the play, receding beyond its transparent slightness, would seem dim and even dull. With her, the hand-written lines gain a degree of sparkle, the manufactured situations a degree of animation, the synthetic cocktails a kick, the frequent teacups an agreeable tinkle. Mr. W. Graham-Browne, as the former (and future) husband, portrays ineptitude and fussiness with good effect, and as producer he rings pleasant chimes out of Miss Tempest. Mr. Paul Leyssac gives an air to Franco-American opulence and feeds Miss Tempest with opportunity. Mr. Peter Coke and Miss Antoinette Cellier are the right kind of young for Miss Tempest to redeem. The theatre is the Queen's, the author Amy Kennedy Gould.



GENTLEMAN FROM SCOTLAND
YARD : LAURENCE HARDMAN,
JACK LAMBERT, MARGARET
MOFFAT



A MALE AMONG FREAKS: ESMOND KNIGHT,
OLGA LINDO, DIANA CHURCHILL, MARTITA HUNT

Waters of Lesbos, Very Shallow

A RETIRED but not *passée* actress named Diana Ebury, very intense, chases a fresh young actress named Joan all over the emotional place. She manages to separate Joan from her fiancé, and in so doing she tangles and jangles a youngish pianist nicknamed Colley, female but freakishly masculine, who for years has provided the incidental music for Diana Ebury's off-stage acting. *Wise To-morrow*, at the Lyric, plumbs half the depths reached by *La Prisonnière*, and provides an obverse side to *The Green Bay Tree*. That is the logic of the situation, even though the author, Mr. Stephen Powys, might claim that he did not intend it. The waters of Lesbos are patently there, even though they are made to run shallow and are diverted into a channel of lesser abnormality.

Or is it that the author has necessarily lacked the courage of the censor's convictions? When Joan has been flattered into putting herself in Diana's famous hands, and has accepted the star's mantle and make-up box, the older woman's craving for the younger is declared to be a possessiveness whereby her theatrical triumphs can be renewed through another person. Diana, that is to say, is presented as Svēngali to Joan's Trilby. It is Jekyll and Hyde, however, whom Joan sees in her rather silly self; and when Miss Jekyll, with the help of a charming sister and the intermittent fiancé, turns her back on Diana, Diana's emotional frenzy goes far beyond any desire to act again at second-hand. And if that were her motive in thus trying to break up a happy engagement, what of the earlier motive in getting possession of Colley, who was not an actress before or after she took to wearing male school-ties?

Meanwhile, a majority of the audience (who care nothing for wells of loneliness and waters of Lesbos) accept it all as a drama of intriguing emotion among artistic freaks, enlivened by humour that is slapdash enough to please a professional boxer. Even Diana's collapse into heart-failure, with which Miss Martita Hunt rounds off a performance full of fine virtuosity, is given humorous trimmings through the flamboyance of her last, tragic exit. The lesser tragedy of Joan—that she, likewise, becomes a denatured flamboyant when she inherits dead Diana's wealth, house and Colley—is hidden beneath the comedy of her theatrical posings, which Miss Diana Churchill is inclined to overact. Miss Olga Lindo does a peculiar person with comic gusto, and the nice, normal characters fairly ooze jocularity, which Mr. Nauntton Wayne transmutes into seeming wit, Miss Nora Swinburne into pleasant bubbling, and Mr. Archibald Batty into hearty booming.



NICE AND NORMAL: NAUNTTON
WAYNE, NORA SWINBURNE



IN THE FILM OF "BOISSIÈRE": SPINELLY

The very famous French actress is seen here in her dressing-room preparing for a scene in "Boissière," a film taken from the novel by Pierre Benoît. She plays the part of a music-hall artiste who is shot for harbouring soldiers in war-time

TRÈS CHER,—I had been awaiting the first night of Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina* for so long and with such pleasant anticipation that when I at last found myself in the darkened auditorium of the Théâtre de la Madeleine and the heavy velvet drop-curtain began to shrink upwards into the flies, I was surprised to find that my heart was beating with a curious sensation of dread lest the realisation of all that I had imagined when reading the book should fall short of my expectations. Outside the theatre the night was damp and cold, melted snow was falling, and in the stalls, seated around me, a multitude of "flu" victims were reacting, in various fashions, to their recent passage through the wet. They were blowing their beastly noses, clearing their wretched throats, and coughing with a shamelessness that they had not dared to show when the house-lights were on. For a long five minutes I was unable to hear a single word of the opening dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham. Their speech came to me through a fog of unpleasant little noises, and I wished I was a child again so that I might have opened my mouth and tearfully bawled my indignation and disappointment.

Then, suddenly, a quivering, candle-light shadow was cast on the wall at the back of the stage, and a wonderful silence miraculously happened. There was a breathless hush and, a moment later, the young girl-Queen glided into sight. I wonder whether Queen Victoria trembled on that spring morning when she was called from her Mama's bed to hear the news of her accession as violently as Gaby Morlay trembled when she walked on to the stage to face the critical audience of that greatly-heralded *répétition générale*. Her emotion steadied mine. It also cured all coughs and colds and fidgets and, till midnight, we watched a series of enchanting tableaux in delighted silence, only broken by applause and laughter as the pages were turned, or, if you prefer, the inner velvet curtains closed and opened. I understand that you

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

are to see the English version of *Victoria Regina* in London later during the season, and you have certainly read the book, so that there is no need for me to speak about the eleven tableaux—out of the thirty-one contained in the book—that the play consists of. I will only tell you that the acting was, in almost every instance, perfect, and that I am sure that neither Helen Hayes, who plays the part in America, nor any other actress you can produce in London, can better Gaby Morlay's performance.

As the young girl of eighteen or as the grand little old lady of seventy-eight, she is equally *émouvante*. This is certainly one of the finest performances she has given in her brilliant career. The costumes and frocks are lovely, and so are some of the settings, though that is where the London production very probably will score—you do those things better than we do! (Henry Bernstein,

Gaston Baty, and Louis Jouvet excepted, of course.) Virginia Vernon, to whom Paris already owes the French versions of *Journey's End* and *Private Lives*, has been responsible for this translation of Laurence Housman's "biography in dialogue." She also did all the spade-work, which was considerable, of bringing it to the notice of those whom it might interest. To these achievements M. André Maurois added the final and distinctive coat of varnish and the decorative value of his signature. There is an advertising slogan over here that says: "*Un meuble signé Lévitane est garanti pour longtemps.*" I am sure that M. Maurois' name must be as powerful as Lévitane's, and if it aids *Victoria Regina* to enjoy as long a run as *Private Lives*, there are innumerable *soupers de centième* ahead of us, and Virginia Vernon is to be congratulated on having obtained such a famous *collaborateur*.

The first-night performance was given *en gala* under the patronage of the Franco-British Association, "Art et Tourisme," and many of the members of the English branch (Art and Travel) came over from England to be present. The scenes where Housman treats Britannia with quite Shavian humour were most sportingly received, making the most pompous of the many Ambassadors present smile and even obtaining a dry grin from Sir George Clerk. There was a wonderful white-tie, bare-back audience, and I could fill this page with Famous Names if that sort of thing—which I

haven't.

Another play from England shortly to be produced is the French version of *Love on the Dole* that Alice Cocéa, who has gone into management, is putting on at the Comédie des Champs Élysées. The adaptation is by Mme. Neveu, who did "Miss Ba" (*The Barretts of Wimpole Street*). Later on we are to have *Les deux Madame Carroll* at the Capucines, which you will no doubt recognise as *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, no matter how poor your French is. Love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



THE PHILADELPHIA BALLET: CATHERINE LITTLEFIELD

The Philadelphia Ballet Company is coming to Europe and is to make its début in Paris during the Exhibition. It is said that these dancers are the most remarkable ever seen since the Russians burst on our dazzled gaze in 1910. In the picture Catherine Littlefield and her partner are seen in "Daphnis and Chloe"

A HOLLYWOOD CHRONICLE



Hyman Fink

TILLY LOSCH (ALSO ON RIGHT) WITH THE MARQUIS DE POLIGNAC



Tilly Losch, whose dancing in "The Garden of Allah" film was so marvellous, has now won further laurels by a brilliant performance in the Dance of the Flame in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer new film, "The Good Earth."



MRS. JOHN BOETTIGER AND MARION DAVIES AT THE AMBASSADOR HOTEL, HOLLYWOOD

Mrs. John Boettiger, who is with that famous star, Marion Davies, is a daughter of President Roosevelt, and is seen at one of Hollywood's smartest rendez-vous. One of Marion Davies's most recent pictures has been "Cain and Mabel," in which Clark Gable was her opposite number



Photos.: Hyman Fink

BETTE DAVIS, HARMON NELSON, HER HUSBAND, AND PAUL MUNI, OF "PASTEUR" FAME

Bette Davis, who had a little disagreement with Warner Bros. and went over to Mr. Toeplitz to star in "I'll Take the Low Road," married the famous band leader. Paul Muni and Luise Rainer won the Academy of Motion Pictures' awards for the best performance of 1936, Muni's wonderful acting in "The Life of Louis Pasteur" winning him his distinction. Paul Muni is an Austrian by birth, as also are Luise Rainer and Tilly Losch

THE BICESTER POINT-TO-POINT



CAPTAIN DAVIDSON WITH MR. JOHN
AND LADY CATHERINE RAMSDEN



THE HON. CHARLES WOOD AND HIS WIFE
WITH HER UNCLE, LORD ROSEBERY, M.F.H.



MISS ANNA GIBBS WITH
SIR DAVID HAWLEY



WINNER OF THE ADJACENT HUNTS
LADIES' RACE: MISS D. H. MUIR



MRS. ORMEROD AND THE HON. A. CUBITT

In spite of the deep going, point-to-point fields have been highly satisfactory to date, and at the Bicester and Warden Hill meeting there were no fewer than 91 runners for the six races. In the Nomination Open Race, for which there were 31 starters, the Hon. Charles Wood's Monte Carlo (owner up) was second to Mr. E. C. Paget's Silver Lizzie, with Captain J. P. A. Graham's Lady Forum filling third place. A field of 14 lined up for the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race, in which Miss D. H. Muir scored a



JUST BEFORE THE LADIES' RACE: THE HON.
LADY BAILEY AND HER SECOND DAUGHTER

popular victory. Mrs. Ormerod, and Sir Abe and the Hon. Lady Bailey's daughter, Miss Ann Bailey, who has a twin brother, were also having a ride. Sir David Hawley, who took a medical degree at Cambridge, lives at Gayton, in Northamptonshire. Mr. John Ramsden and Lady Catherine Ramsden are Bicester as well as Leicestershire well-knowns



*Said the moon to the earth, "I declare
It really seems grossly unfair
That you should have Guinness
— and Goodness
— and Strength
Which you never invite me to share"*

THE GRAND NATIONAL CENTENARY : AND SO



GEORGE STEVENS ("The Colonel," 1869-1870, also Emblem, Emblematic and Free Trader)
 CAPTAIN BECHER (of Becher's)
 LORD COVENTRY (Owner of Emblem and Emblematic)
 TICH MASON (Kirkland)
 MR. GEORGE HODGMAN (Owner of Emigrant)
 ALAN McDONOUGH (a famous G.R.)
 MR. A. C. SCHWARTZ (Owner of Jack Horner)
 MAJOR NOEL FURLONG (Reynoldstown)
 PERCY WOODLAND (Shannon Lass, Covertcoat)
 MR. TOM PICKERNELL (a famous G.R.)

Our painstaking artist has included as many of the great personalities that have been connected with the Grand National as he possibly could, but naturally much more space than is available above would be needed if a complete gallery were to be achieved. Two very notable absentees are Mr. Maunsell Richardson (Disturbance and Reugny) and Mr. E. P. Wilson (Voluptuary and Roquefort), but most of the others, ancient and modern, are there. The first Grand National, run over a course at Maghull, not at Aintree, was run in 1837 and won by Mr. Sirdefield's "The Duke," ridden by Mr. Potts, whose portrait has also defeated the artist. There were only six runners. The famous Captain Becher is pictured in his riper years. He never rode a winner of the Grand National, and how the "Brook" which bears his name came to be christened is an oft-told tale. It was in 1839, the year Jem Mason won on

OME OF THOSE WHO HAVE MADE ITS HISTORY



BLACK TOM OLLIVER (Gay Lad, Vanguard and Peter Simple)	MR. DAVID CAMPBELL (The Soarer)	JACK ANTHONY (Glenside, Ally Sloper, Troystown)
MR. "CHARLIE" DUFF (Sir C. G. Assheton-Smith)	BOB GORE (Trainer of Jerry M. and Covertcoat)	ARTHUR NIGHTINGALL (Ilex, Why Not, Grudon)
"JEM" MASON (Lottery, 1839)	CAPTAIN MACHELL (Owner of Reugny, Regal)	TOM COULTHWAITE (Trainer of Grakle and Eremon)
	FRED REES (Shaun Spadah)	MR. STANLEY HOWARD (Owner of Eremon)
		MR. JAMES HENNESSEY (Owner of Lutteur III)

Lottery and Black Tom Olliver was second on Seventy Four. What is not so generally known is that Becher fell twice at the same place in that year's race, and each time when he was leading the field. Becher was so nippy in getting up again after the first disaster, when he lay low in the ditch till the field had swept over him, that he got in front again the second time round. This was at Aintree. The stories about Black Tom Olliver would fill a book. Two of his compatriots to win great fame in the Grand National are Jack Anthony and Fred Rees, both living testimony to the old saying that there are always as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. The gallant pilot of "The Soarer," the late General Sir David Campbell, remained a great performer to the end of his days, and rode steeplechases when he had the Aldershot Command. "The Soarer" was owned by the then Mr. Willie Hall-Walker

TOASTS OF THE TOWN

♦ VENETIA 1854 ♦



Acclaimed with delight - naturally

EQUALLY natural is the fact that, in practically every Turkish cigarette-smoking country, Smokers insist on Abdullas* even though in some cases they have to pay fantastic import duty. The reason is apparent.

HERE in Great Britain the World's best "Turkish" and "Egyptian" cigarettes - hall-marked **ABDULLA**-are available at all leading tobacconists at prices

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to 3/- for 25 (the famous No. 11)

*Especially **ABDULLA No. 11 Turkish**



WHEN THE SALMON RUN ON THE TWEED: SOME OF THE RODS

In this lunch-hour photograph on the Tweed at Wark are Lord Carew, Lady Sylvia Maitland, Lord and Lady Maitland, Captain R. S. Dormer, Mrs. Colville and the Earl of Lauderdale, with the morning's catch for four rods



Wait Melrose
**LIEUT.-COL. T. G. TAYLOR, D.S.O., AND HIS RECORD CATCH
FROM THE TWEED AT KELSO**



Andrew Paterson
**MAJOR THE HON. EVAN BAILLIE, LADY MAUD BAILLIE,
A GHILLIE AND A GOOD FISH**

With last year short of water and floods in this spring season, the run of salmon is early and plentiful. (It would be interesting to know if there is an increase in average weight, to show that some fish postponed their running and benefited in size thereby.) Colonel Taylor, of Hendersyde Park, took a record catch of thirty fish for a total weight of 260½ lb. from the Tweed at Kelso, and any man who has collected well over two hundredweight of fish on a salmon-rod can consider himself "no small beer" as an angler! Lord Carew and Lady Sylvia Maitland are engaged; she is the daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale. Lord Maitland is her brother; he married Miss Helena Perrott last year. Major the Hon. Evan Baillie is the elder son of the Baroness Burton and of the late Colonel J. E. B. Baillie, R.H.A.; his expression in the photograph is that of a man who has just borne off the honours in a contest with a 23-lb. fish. Lady Maud Baillie, his wife, is the Duke of Devonshire's eldest daughter



THE SPRING SALMON SEASON ON THE TWEED

A picture of Mrs. V. J. Hamilton's party taken during the cessation of operations for lunch. Left to right the names are: Lord Tweeddale, the hostess, Colonel Leatham, formerly Welsh Guards, Lady Lauderdale, Lady Sylvia Maitland, her daughter, and Lord Lauderdale. In spite of all the snow-water coming down the river, the fishing is reported to be first-class

OF all the interesting people whose names go to make Grand National history during the past hundred years, and some of whom our friend "The Tout" has collected for us in the picture in the centre of this issue of *The Tatler*, no one is much more so than the redoubtable Captain Machell. It is a pity that the artist had no room to include Mr. Maunsell Richardson, with whom Machell's Grand National adventures were most intimately connected, and with whom he had a bit of a dust-up in

the year Reugny won. Maunsell Richardson rode both Machell's winners—Disturbance 1873 and Reugny 1874—and it was because of some rather uncalled-for remarks the owner made before the race of 1874 that Maunsell Richardson decided to chuck riding steeplechases and devote himself more exclusively to fox-hunting. He then married Lady Yarborough, widow of the third Earl, she being then the titular Master of the Brocklesby during the minority of the fourth, the late, Earl. For some years Maunsell Richardson did most of the work in connection with the hounds and hunt affairs generally.

Captain Machell, as history relates, was not everybody's dog and was a bit keen on the plunder, and it was in this connection that the "disturbance" over Reugny's race blew up between him and Maunsell Richardson. This is exactly what happened, and I check my reference by Arthur Yates's excellent book, that great celebrity having been in the thick of it all at that time. Like Disturbance in the previous year, the winner, Reugny, was the property of Captain Machell, and was ridden by Mr. Maunsell Richardson. Whereas Disturbance had started at the long price of 20 to 1 in the year of his victory, Reugny was a raging favourite at 5 to 1 against. As soon as it became known that he had come well out of a trial at Limber Magna, the horse was backed for pounds, shillings and pence all over the country. Although Captain Machell was

Pictures in the Fire

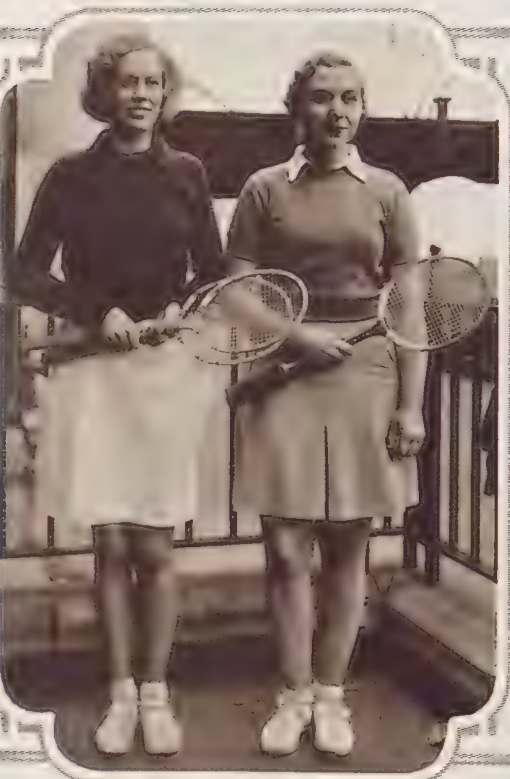


Truman Howell

WHEN THE CROOME MET AT THE KENNELS:
LADY DEERHURST WITH LADY PEGGY HOARE
AND FRANCIS HOARE

Lady Peggy Hoare is the Earl of Coventry's sister and Lady Deerhurst is their mother. Francis Hoare, who was born in 1932, is the third generation in the picture

informed of the result of the spin the same night and advised to back Reugny at once, he neglected to do so, saying that there was no hurry. When he eventually did step in he was naturally asked to take a very



Stuart

THE BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIP FINALISTS:
MISS DIANA DOVETON AND MISS THELMA
KINGSBURY

Miss Thelma Kingsbury defeated Miss Diana Doveton in the finals of the Badminton Championship by the unprecedented score of 11-0, 11-0. She was also one of the winning pair in the Mixed Doubles and runner-up to Miss Doveton and her partner in the Women's Doubles



Truman Howell

AT THE SOUTH WALES GOLF BALL

This ball was organised to help the £250,000 appeal for the Cardiff Royal Infirmary, and is reported to have been a bumper success. In the picture are (seated) Miss Joan Lewis, Mrs. Strachan, Captain Creighton Griffiths, Miss Suzanne Webber (daughter of Sir Robert Webber) and (in rear) Mr. Dan Lewis, organiser of the ball. Nearly a thousand golfers forgathered to aid this deserving cause

By "SABRETACHE"



Truman Howell

AT THE CROOME'S MEET AT THE KENNELS: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, LADY MARIA COVENTRY AND THE HON. WILLIAM COVENTRY

The Hon. William Coventry is an uncle of the Earl of Coventry, who is Master of the Croome. Lady Maria Coventry, is Lord Coventry's youngest daughter

short price, and this infuriated him. Saying that he did not keep horses for Lincolnshire farmers to bet on, he threatened to scratch Reugny at once and rely on Defence, which



Truman Howell

AT THE SOUTH WALES GOLFERS' BALL: PROFESSOR GILBERT STRACHAN, MRS. DALE BOURN AND SIR ROBERT WEBBER

Three most enthusiastic supporters of a particularly good cause. Professor Gilbert Strachan is Chairman of the Appeal Committee and Sir Robert Webber is managing director of the "Western Mail." Mrs. Dale Bourn is the wife of the well-known golfer

angered Mr. Richardson, who replied that he had lived among and hunted with the farmers in question all his life, and that he naturally wished to put them on a good winner when he had the chance.

"Carry out your threat," he added, "and I will ride Furley and beat you."

The "Furley" business was a bit of bluff, for that horse not only had not a dog's chance of winning, but was also a duck-hearted brute—one of the kind that would try to get into the first mouse-hole he saw rather than jump the fences. Arthur Yates knew him well and rode him!

* * *

Anyway, the farmers in the Brocklesby country had a good race over Reugny, and marked it by laying down pipes of port, which for years was known as "Reugny"

port, and I was told when down in those parts some seasons ago, during the consulship of the late Lord Yarborough and Captain Jaffray—main purpose, a hunt over the Marshes—that some of it was still left. I did not meet it—not that I minded, because I do not hold with port as a stirrup-cup, or of anything *quâ* jumping power, for that matter, and believe that, if you must have a livener just after you have shaken your breakfast down, a glass of champagne is the best, and nut-brown the second best. I am not concerned with those who welcome any hair of the dog that bit them. It is perfectly certain that that ladylike fluid *crème de menthe* is not right just before doing any jumping. I once saw it in use at a point-to-point, but hasten to add that the jockeys were of the kind that wear pretty, girlish pork-pie hats. What they wanted gingering-up for I do not know, for the fences were only about the height of a bridge-table.

* * *

Another Grand National celebrity not included in "The Tout's" little gallery is the late Lord Minto, who rode as "Mr. Rolly." He created a record where the race is concerned, because he rode in it a year after he had broken his neck. In the race of 1876, when he rode Mr. Maunsell Richardson's Zero, the horse fell at Valentine's the second time round, and the result to the gallant pilot was as stated. In spite of this, he rode again in 1877, his mount being Lord Downe's Earl Marshal, finishing sixth. Lord Minto rode in two other Nationals: in 1874, when he finished fourth on Captain Machell's Defence, and in 1875 on Mr. F. Bennett's Miss Hungerford, who was knocked over the second time round. Lord Minto had won the Grand Steeplechase de Paris on this mare in 1874—the year that the stable won our National with Reugny, Mr. Maunsell Richardson riding. A great record!

(Continued on page 1v)



KENYA'S NEW GOVERNOR DEPARTS

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke Popham, who is appointed to succeed Brig.-General Sir Joseph Byrne, is here seen leaving St. Pancras with his wife and two children, Diana and Philip. Mr. Ormsby-Gore (right), Secretary of State for the Colonies, saw H.E. off and wished him God-speed



Vandyk

MAJOR THE HON. ALEXANDER HARDINGE AND HIS SON, GEORGE

The Hon. Alexander Hardinge, who is Private Secretary to H.M. the King, was first appointed to the Household in 1920 as an Equerry in Ordinary to H.M. George V. His son and heir, George, was appointed a page of honour in 1933, and re-appointed recently to his present Majesty. Major Hardinge, who was in the Grenadiers, is the only surviving son of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, on whose staff he was during the Indian Viceroyalty. Lord Hardinge's elder son, the Hon. Charles Hardinge, 15th Hussars, died of his wounds in the war



Hyman Fink

IN HOLLYWOOD: DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JUNR., AND MARLENE DIETRICH
AT THE CLOVER CLUB

London will see Marlene quite soon in a new English-made film, "Knight Without Armour," filmed at the Denham Studios and said to beat "Banagher" for thrill. She plays the part of a lovely Russian Countess escaping from the bloodthirsty Reds in the Revolution. Robert Donat is her leading man. The picture has now been finally edited, and we may hear the date of the première announced at any moment

A LAWYER was assisting two men in drawing up articles of partnership. The lawyer went through the documents before the final signing, and suddenly said: "But there is no mention of fire or bankruptcy; these must go in."

Both the partners spoke at once: "Quite right," they said, "put them in; but the profits are to be divided equally in both cases."

* * *

Pat, the village post-man, called every morning at the local pub, whether there was a letter for O'Leary, the proprietor, or not. The post-master decided to watch him one morning when he knew there was no letter for O'Leary. He did so, and saw Pat go in as usual.

That evening the post-master said: "Pat, you went into O'Leary's this morning, and you had no letter for him. How is that?"

"Yes, sir," replied Pat; "shure, I went in to tell him there was no letter to-day."

* * *

A little girl having lunch with her parents had been served with a chicken wing. After trying to eat it for some time, she said: "Mother, do you mind if I have something else beside the hinges?"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A few more "howlers" from Cecil Hunt's new book, "Further Howlers."

"The third region of the insect's body is the abdomen in which the female carries the egg-laying department."

"A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box. They have a way of pumping out the air. When all the air and everything else is shut out, naturally they are able to shut in nothing where the air was before."

"Shove-halfpenny has come back into favour again. It requires some skill and several pennies. It used to be played by the gentlemen of England, but now it isn't talked about much."

"*Twelfth Night* is one of Shakespeare's tragedies. It is the usual story of the man who wanted the wrong woman. It was the only thing they used to write about in those days. There were not so many other things to do then."

* * *

"Here, boy," said the motorist, "I want some petrol, and please get a move on; you'll never get anywhere in this world unless you push. Push is essential; when I was young I pushed, and that got me where I am."

"Well," replied the garage hand, "we haven't a drop of petrol in the place, so I reckon you'll have to push again."

* * *

For hours the woman had been sitting at the bedside of her husband, watching him as he seemed to grow steadily weaker.

Suddenly she turned to the doctor: "Is there no hope, doctor?" she asked.

"I don't know," replied the doctor dryly. "What is it you're hoping for?"

* * *

A temperance lecturer ended his lengthy speech with:

"Some people advocate total abstinence, whilst others suggest moderation. But, I ask you, my friends, what is the all-important Drink question?"

From the back of the hall came the reply: "What'll you have?"

* * *

An owl, planning to visit his lady love, put on all his best clothes; but on coming out of his hole saw that it was raining hard. Sadly he exclaimed: "Toowet-to-woo."

* * *

The small girl had been gravely regarding her father's head for some time.

"Daddy," she said at last, "isn't it funny? Mummy's hair is in waves, and yours is all beach."



Ian Jeayes

STANDING UP WELL TO HIS CUPS!

Major T. C. Lucas's Field Trial Champion Golden Labrador Hawkesbury Jupiter with the four cups he won last season—and he is trying to pretend that he does not know it. The pride that apes humility deceives no one



Eyes clear, provocative, amused. Eyes veiled with thought, mysterious, impenetrable. Eyes transparent as the Mediterranean on a summer day. All the life of the face is in the eyes. They are the first feature to show fatigue from overwork or too much gaiety, strain from wind and weather, the bitter hint of coming age. They must be cared for always and never more so than these first days of winter-into-spring.

★ Begin and end your day by bathing the eyes with Miss Arden's *Special Eye Lotion*. It clears, strengthens, soothes . . . 4/6 and 10/6
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 ★ For make-up, use *Venetian Eyelash Cosmetique* and vary the shades according to your mood and costume. Black, brown, light or dark blue, green or violet, 5/6. ★ To enhance the colour of the eyes use *Ardena Eye Sha-do*, again in varying colours—In fifteen shades, 4/6.

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25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON WEST ONE

From the Shires and Provinces

From the Heythrop.

THE past week has been one of great disappointment to this district, owing to the postponement of the Cheltenham National Hunt Meeting. Most of the local houses had laid in stores of extra food and drink for the guests who never turned up. The drink will probably keep, but the food certainly won't: so seldom, if ever, has there been such an orgy of dining out and giving and taking of hospitality, as this was deemed the best way of getting rid of the surplus supplies.

Hunting on Monday at Heythrop was considered impossible owing to frost, so we have had only three days this week. On Wednesday scenting conditions were very bad, but not bad enough to prevent the outlier round Milton Quarries from smelling a rat and being conspicuous by his absence. There was a small contingent out from the Craven country, including our huntsman's brother, and we felt sorry that they should have had such a poor day. On Friday at Broadwell and on Saturday at Mersimouth, in the absence of Lord Ashton of Hyde owing to illness, Colonel Brassey was once more in command: it is always useful to be able to call up the reserve in an emergency. Both were good days, and the afternoon hunt from Rissington to Upper Ashes was particularly good, although the going was particularly bad.

From the Fernie.

A white blanket lay over the countryside on Monday, March 1, a blizzard having covered up all landmarks, and the fretting fox-hunter had therefore to look for some minor diversion. The Scots Greys' point-to-point, which was to have taken place at Ragdale on that day, had to be cancelled, much to the disappointment of the many now in Leicestershire for the several racing attractions. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the stables benefited by the break after a gruelling season—about the deepest and muddiest in memory. The preparation for the pilgrimage to Cheltenham had also to be delayed, but this, we trust, will duly come off. Meantime, the run of hunt balls keeps the younger members fighting



GERRY WILSON AND CHARMING WIFE OUT WITH
THE CROOME

England's champion steeplechase jockey taking a busman's holiday while the weather held up the racing. Mrs. Wilson is a daughter of T. R. Rimell, the Kinnersley trainer. At the moment Gerry Wilson is down to ride Mr. C. S. L. Whitelaw's Milk Punch in the National. This horse won last time out, at Derby, over 3 miles, but Gerry Wilson did not ride him



A MEET OF THE CO. DOWN STAG-HOUNDS AT TOBERMHOIRE, CROSSGAR

The host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor McCalla, and the Master, Lieutenant-Commander K. C. Kirkpatrick, who also hunts them and is an extremely popular personality in this country. At one time these hounds were harriers, but no one seems to have thought of turning down foxes. Everyone who has been there has said that it is a grand country to ride over, with more variety than is met in the South—no wire at all and almost all good grass. They hunt the carted stag, as do the Ward

fit. The Westerby basset hounds, we are glad to note, have found a Joint-Master in Colonel Breitmeyer, late of the 7th and one of the top-notchers in our hunt.

Snow still lay in the dykes on Thursday when we met at Stretton Magna, but, all the same, it was good to be out again, although the going was atrocious. Horses were a bit on their toes after the rest, and one man, also his wife, were both early on the floor, luckily without hurt. It was the Yeomanry day, and our visitors included several crack riders from this still-mounted regiment. The gentleman from Western Canada had his first day with us and must have been amazed at the English soil. Hunting was confined to the Stoughton district. Only those with second strings managed to see the day through. Congratulations to Joan on her L.C.C. return. May she still find time for a day with hounds.

From Lincolnshire.

Notwithstanding heavy falls of snow and the wretched state of the going, scent has served well during the week and there has been good sport everywhere. The Belvoir had a gruelling day from Ingoldsby on Feb. 5. Their last fox caught it hot and would have lost his brush had he not chanced upon an opening near Humby Wood. Hounds ran hard for forty minutes without the semblance of a check, and 'osses could hardly lift a leg at the finish. On the following day the Southwold, finding in a pit at Grebby, raced like spiders for eighty minutes, but this fox, when at his last gasp, also found sanctuary in a safe badger-earth. The Belvoir veteran of eighty-three is still riding as cheerily and as full of spirits as a schoolboy home for his holidays, and looks fit for a few more seasons yet!

(Continued on page xxvi)

LADY URSULA MANNERS

A snapshot taken the day the Quorn met at Great Dalby and produced another good hunt. These hounds have been showing great sport, in spite of all the drawbacks. Lady Ursula Manners is the elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland





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Holloway

THE BARBARIANS XV.

The side which lost to the East Midlands by 2 goals and a try (13 points) to a try (3 points) in the recent Edgar Mobbs Memorial match at Northampton. This match not only serves to commemorate Lieut. - Col. Edgar Mobbs, Northampton's greatest footballer, but also serves as an unofficial England trial before our most important match with Scotland for the Calcutta Cup.

The names in the above group are (seated, l. to r.): Prince A. Obolensky (Oxford University and England), H. Tanner (Swansea and Wales), J. R. Evans (Newport and Wales), T. Stone (Cardiff), H. O. Edwards (Cardiff and Welsh Trial), and T. A. Kemp (Cambridge University and England); (standing) R. H. Dryden (Watsonians), D. E. Teden (Richmond), S. R. Couchman (Old Cranleighans), T. F. Huskisson (Old Merchant Taylors and England), D. A. Campbell (Cambridge University and England), G. B. Horsburgh (London Scottish and Scottish Trial), R. E. Prescott (Harlequins and England), C. B. Laborde (Richmond) and B. E. Nicholson (Harlequins and England Trial)

DEAR TATLER—

NEXT Saturday the fate of the Calcutta Cup will be once more in the balance. This historic trophy is seldom, if ever, seen, though presumably it is on view somewhere once per annum. On one memorable occasion it was left behind in Edinburgh when it ought to have been taken to Manchester, possibly because Scotland felt so confident of victory that they did not think it worth while for the Cup to make the journey. England, however, brought off a big surprise, and then Scotland had to pay for its carriage to London, which must have annoyed the canny Scots considerably. The Cup is now in the possession of England, and we may be quite sure that it will be taken North this week.

There have been fifty-eight games between the two countries, and, while ten have been drawn, the remaining forty-eight are equally divided; which is a curiously even state of affairs. Not so long ago England had established a considerable lead, but when Murrayfield became the chosen battlefield of Scotland an English rot set in, and we have now lost six games in succession at the Scottish stronghold. This is a more disastrous run of defeats for England than the Scottish experiences at Twickenham, where the invaders from the North have only won once, while on another occasion they escaped with a draw. Many people will remember the first English match at Murrayfield, which was strenuously contested, and finished with extraordinary pressure by the Englishmen. Undoubtedly England were unlucky to lose that day, but it cannot be said that they have ever repeated their display, for since then they have never really looked like winning at the Scottish headquarters.

Are we likely to do any better this year? We have only to draw to win the championship, but we should, of course, prefer to be the unquestioned holders of the Triple Crown.

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

That statement, by the way, does not mean that we think we have the strongest side seen out this season, since ninety-nine people out of a hundred will give the palm to Ireland, presuming that they defeat Wales at Belfast. This we regard as being practically a certainty, but all the same, we shall gladly welcome our first victory at Murrayfield, should it eventuate. I think, too, that England has quite a good chance this year—the best she has had in the North since 1925. True, at the moment of writing we do not know the constitution of the Scottish side, but the much-criticised



Crisp

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL XV.

In spite of the Hospital fielding a weakened side, the above St. Thomas's XV. managed to beat the Old Paulines a goal to a try in the recent match at Thames Ditton. The defence on both sides was good, but the forward division not quite so good

The names in the picture are (l. to r. back, standing): D. Nixon, A. C. Gregory, J. A. Chamberlain, J. R. Graves, G. Baines, R. D. Wilkins; (seated) J. Barrow, A. J. Martin, B. L. Williams, R. L. F. Lytle, R. B. Rickford, B. W. Powell, K. O. B. Young; (on ground) F. B. F. Oswald and P. L. Arnold

England XV. contains some pretty good men, and they have the comforting thought that they have already won two matches this season.

The names of the English team were awaited with some anxiety and more curiosity, and it is generally admitted that the Selectors have done a very difficult job fairly well. No one, presumably, expected any change at full-back, where H. G. Owen-Smith has done wonderful service. H. S. Sever was probably first choice for the side, and I do not suppose anyone anticipated the omission of P. Cranmer. He has, perhaps, hardly fulfilled his earliest promise, but he is still indispensable to the English third line. Many people will be pleased that E. J. Unwin's genuine hard work for some seasons has at last met with its reward—he will not let England down. There is also a new cap at stand-off half, where F. J. Reynolds displaces the Cambridge man, T. A. Kemp. One feels a certain amount of sympathy for Kemp, who, under a considerable handicap, has played in two winning matches for England, but there is no doubt that Reynolds has been putting up a very strong claim to the highest honours. As to B. C. Gadney, there is no question that, fit and well, he should return to the side, and one has not the least doubt that he will not allow his long absence to affect his personal fitness, nor would he take his place in the side if he were not absolutely sound. Relying on these two

(Continued on page 510)



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A LADY CHIEF INSTRUCTOR:
MRS. G. M. PATTERSON

Mrs. G. M. Patterson is Chief Instructor of the South Staffordshire Aero Club, Walsall. She is the first, and, so far, the only, woman to hold such an appointment

national expenditure this year have attained such astronomical figures that the normal man's scale of values is apt to be seriously disturbed. Before the Estimates appeared—about a month before—I was asked to forecast the amount. On the day they appeared somebody rang me up in the morning and congratulated me on the accuracy of my prediction, telling me—and note, please, the implications—that I was "only £6,000,000 out." And I felt that I was entitled to regard my figure as coming under the heading of what advertisers would call "precision forecasting," meaning that the error might have been worse. What is six million among so many?

Detail examination of the Estimates reveals nothing of importance that had not previously been made public. Lord Swinton, in his Memorandum, replied to the charges levelled against his department a short time ago that we were behindhand with the balloon barrage arrangements by saying: "The work of organisation is proceeding; orders for the necessary balloons and equipment have been placed, and deliveries are already being received." Now with full knowledge of political answers to political questions, I would venture to interpret those words as meaning: "We have just woken up to the fact that a balloon barrage might be useful, and we have just begun to get one ready." If Lord Swinton

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Money.

TO those with names like my own, the sound of the banging of £82,500,000 is a good deal louder than the last trump. It is the amount we are to spend in 1937 upon aviation, military and civil, and no one who has followed the international wranglings of the past two or three years will say that it is too much. But it does take getting accustomed to, for it is between four and five times as much as we spent in 1934. In fact, the Estimates of

had meant "The organisation exists and is being enlarged," he would surely have said so. If he had meant "Deliveries of balloons and equipment have been received," he would surely have said so. My view of his reply is that it constitutes an admission of backwardness in balloon barrage preparations.

Static Defence.

Some people scoff at the balloonbarrage as a means of defence, but I think that they do so on the assumption that it would necessarily be a small one like the wartime

apron. If a really large-scale barrage were formed, and if means were discovered for working it effectively, it could provide useful protection. It would have both a physical and a psychological effect on raiding airmen and, in any event, it reduces the area of search for the defending fighters. I believe it would be most unwise to neglect balloon barrage development. The formation of Auxiliary Air Force units to handle it is a satisfactory move.

Another piece of information which emerges from the Estimates is that more attention is to be paid in the future in the Royal Air Force to navigation. In the past there has been some justification for the view, widely held, that Royal Air Force pilots are incompetents in navigation compared with commercial pilots. They are unable to operate in the kind of weather through which air liners fly with safety and punctuality. The reason lies in lack of practice and in the way in which bad-weather flying has been discouraged owing to the risks involved. But the new School of Air Navigation at Manston is to train Air Force pilots up to the standards of commercial pilots.

Norfolk and Norwich.

This is the first chance I have had to mention the tenth anniversary

(Continued on page 510)



"HINERANGI": MISS JEAN BATTEN
IN MAORI CEREMONIAL DRESS

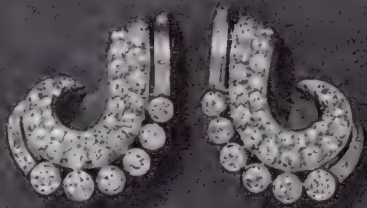
Miss Jean Batten, our record-breaking pilot, was born in Rotorua and was recently the centre of a civic and Maori welcome in that city. The Arawa tribe of Maoris bestowed upon her the name of Hinerangi, which means "Daughter of the Skies"



AT THE HAMPSHIRE AEROPLANE CLUB'S ANNUAL DINNER
AT SOUTHAMPTON

The Hampshire Aeroplane Club has its headquarters at Southampton Airport, and the eleventh annual dinner of the Club was held recently at the South Western Hotel. In the above picture are seen the Vice-President of the Club, The Rev. E. Bruce Cornford; Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is President, and Lieut.-Col. Sir Francis and Lady Shelmardine. Sir Francis is Director-General of Civil Aviation

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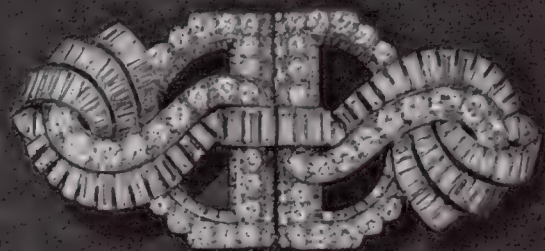
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"NICE CHILD"

By

E. M. BOWLER



Jimmy D. arrived at the Club in a gharri, smiling vaguely and clad solely in the legendary barrel, and a small one at that

HE was little and old and lonely. He was so lonely that he drank port at all hours of the day. The general feeling about him was that he was a nice little man, but something of a liability rather than an asset. Jimmy D.—or Doctor Dixon, as he was called when he was out of favour—was employed by the Government. Presumably, he received a fair salary, but he was always short of money. Port, of course, may be an exorbitant price in the island, but one thing is certain—the majority of his money was spent on his patients, the struggling Greeks, the Turks, the Levantines. He was always buying eggs and milk, chickens and cod-liver oil.

He said that he could not afford to go on leave; not that he grumbled about it, but, when he was asked, that was the reason he gave. Actually, the last time he had gone to England, fifteen years ago, the price of whisky—he had been drinking whisky then—had so shaken him that instead of staying three months he had only stayed three weeks.

It is not unusual for men who live solitary lives abroad to drink too much, or to lose touch with their friends and relations. Jimmy D. had certainly lost touch, but every time the ship came in he hurried along to the Club for his mail. Perhaps, apart from circulars, he would receive six or seven letters during the year, never more, and then he,

too, would find a chair and eagerly tear open the envelopes. But for the rest of the mail days, while the others were absorbed in their correspondence, he leant against the fireplace, watching them wistfully, sipping a double port.

At the time that the Cartwrights arrived at Ferranousa, Jimmy D. was experiencing the longest spell of disgrace that he had ever known. It was the women; not the men—they had thought the incident amusing. But Mrs. Davidson, who was the Senior Lady, had strong views on what was done and what was not done, and the rest of the women followed her lead. It is the only thing to do when a Senior Lady takes herself seriously—that is, if there are not many of you and you are dependent on each other for what amusements do exist.

It was at the New Year's Eve dance that Jimmy D. had disgraced himself. A party of twenty-odd from Hazia, the nearest town, some sixty miles away, were being entertained

by Ferranousa, and Mrs. Davidson had emphasised to Jimmy D. that a very Definite Decorum was to be observed: she was one of those people, all capital letters. She considered Jimmy D., at the best, a Great Trial. She was a frosty-faced woman of some fifty barren years, given to organising Jolly Little Evenings. On this particular occasion she had ordered the British community into fancy dress.

Jimmy D., in a moment of alcoholic glow, was inspired to represent Diogenes. He arrived at the club in a gharri, smiling vaguely and clad solely in the legendary barrel, and a small one at that. Now, even a sober man cannot support a barrel and shake hands and hold a glass and maintain anything of a decorum, leave alone a Very Definite One. In effect, it was much like the clown who swings from one trapeze to another and petrifies his audience by nearly, so very nearly, missing his grip—but not quite.

Now, if pretty little Mrs. Trent, who had such an infectious laugh, had been the Senior Lady, Jimmy D.'s struggle with his barrel would probably have made the evening, but as she wasn't, and daren't laugh, because her husband was under Mr. Davidson, who was under Mrs. Davidson, a gloom of apprehension settled like a fog. Even when Jimmy D. could be persuaded to allow himself to be removed and dressed as himself in the most respectable of dinner jackets, there was no moving it. With every moment that passed Mrs. Davidson grew more and more antarctic, for Ferranousa was Disgraced, the evening was a Failure, and Jimmy D. was alone to Blame. When the Cartwrights arrived in February he was still being addressed as "Doctor"; neither had he been accorded an invitation to the Davidsons' sherry-party (one glass only).

With the Cartwrights came a Mrs. Belton. She did not seem at all clear as to why she had come to the island. You got the impression that the island had sort of got in her way and that she had been too lazy to avoid it. Visitors, especially in the winter, were as welcome as an oasis in a desert. It was an Event and out came Mrs. Davidson's silver entrée dishes, which the community alone were not allowed to enjoy. And Major Lloyd got out his stamp swops and the Club Committee voted a new table tennis net and a coat of paint for the ladies' cloakroom. And Jimmy D. went about smoothing his wispy grey hair, and saying, in his funny, slow way: "I wonder if they are interested in mythology?" What

(Continued on page 506)



A MASTERPIECE OF
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

"NICE CHILD"—(Continued from page 504)

mythology he did not know of the islands in the Eastern end of the Mediterranean was not worth knowing.

The Cartwrights were a pleasant young couple; they were friendly with everybody and easy to get on with, but, with the exception of Mrs. Trent, they were younger than the rest of the people of Ferranousa, and it was Mrs. Belton that most of them took more to their hearts. Besides being more of their own age, what a listener she was! She had a way of saying "Really?" that made you feel you had contributed to the conversation an item of outstanding interest. One of her first conquests was Jimmy D. He had grown shy of approaching strangers, so when he came into the Club one morning for his eleven o'clock port and found Mrs. Belton sitting looking at an illustrated monthly paper, he nodded and said, "Good-morning. Good-morning," very hurriedly, and dived behind a *Times*. After ten minutes or so, when still all that was to be seen of him was a pair of tumbled linen trousers and kindly, small hands clutching his paper, Mrs. Belton asked, lazily:

"Do you always read your papers upside down?"

He put the paper down slowly, looked at it in surprise, turned it the right way up, and said: "No." He gave an apologetic, nervous smile. "No, not always."

"Perhaps you are a misogynist?" Mrs. Belton suggested.

"No," he said again; "no."

"Then it is that you don't like strangers?"

"No, no," he answered quickly. "Far, far from it."

"Then it must be me," Mrs. Belton said, in the assured voice of a woman who knows that she is generally liked.

Jimmy D. was terribly embarrassed. The fingers of his left hand did quick five-finger exercises against his knee.

"I assure you, madam"—he was very old-fashioned. "Really, I must apologise, but—" he stopped.

"But—what?" Mrs. Belton had one of those full, sympathetic voices. "Please tell me. You know I've heard so much about you."

"There you have it in a nutshell," Jimmy D. sighed.

"But I don't understand."

He blinked, reached out his hand for his glass, withdrew it hastily. "I beg your pardon," he said. "May I order you—but perhaps it is a little early—for you. But a coffee? An orange squash?"

With the tone of her voice suggesting that coffee was a Heaven-sent inspiration, Mrs. Belton said she would love one. Many people could never quite decide whether to apply the word "charming" or "gushing" to Mrs. Belton.

Jimmy D. jumped to his feet. "The coffee they use here is a scandal," he said. "Now, I have some delicious coffee: I get it from England every month. I'll go and get it."

He was gone before she could stop him. When he came back—and he was not gone long—Mrs. Belton picked up the conversation where it had been dropped.

"Now, exactly what did you mean? I said I had heard a lot about you, and

you said 'There you have it in a nutshell.' Now, what do you mean by that?"

He hesitated, met her eyes, and they were lazy, tolerant eyes. He seemed to decide to throw himself on the mercy of the court. "I know what they say about me," he said quietly. "That I'm a drunken little man; that I am a bore, a nuisance. It's true enough, God knows."

"So that's it?" Mrs. Belton said gently. "That's what you think they say about you, is it?"

"Isn't it?"

"No."

"Then what do they say?"

"That you are the best doctor in the island and one of the kindest-hearted men they have ever met."

"I can't believe that's true." He shook his head. "It's such nonsense, anyway."

"It is far from nonsense, and that is exactly what they say."

"How strange," he said softly. "How very strange. Did no one tell you that I—that I drink?"

"Someone did say 'You mustn't mind if sometimes you see he has drunk more than he should—he's a very lonely man, you know.'"

"Someone said that? Did they really? But Mrs. Davidson—surely?"

"That was Mrs. Davidson."

"Really? Dear me! Was it really Mrs. Davidson?"

"She's kind-hearted enough underneath, you know."

"This is all so strange to me. For years now I have thought—I have thought they said—"

His voice was not altogether steady. It was some time before either of them spoke, then Mrs. Belton said:

"Is there any fishing in the island?"

"Fishing? Ah, if only there were!"

And they found that, many years ago, they had both fished in the same river in Norway, and that both of them knew every inch of the Wye round Bulth. And later Jimmy D. discovered that it was the mythology of the island that had first attracted Mrs. Belton. After that, Jimmy D. was always seeking Mrs. Belton out, and they talked rivers and pagan gods and spinners by the hour.

It was amazing, really, the tonic she was to the little man. He seemed to grow taller and his eyes got brighter and his tie straighter. His devotion to her was really rather pathetic. You could see him every morning in his garden going from orange-tree to orange-tree, searching for that one particular, exactly right Jaffa. And he himself would take it, resplendent among leaves in a little basket, to the hotel; and always he said the same thing: "For Mrs. Belton's breakfast-table, with the Doctor's compliments."

And when they walked together, as he trotted by her side, for she was tall and well-built, he reminded you of a grizzled Aberdeen terrier, who too long had been homeless.

(Continued on page xiv)



TWO CORONATION DÉBUTANTES: MISS DAPHNE HOLMES AND MISS ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY

Miss Daphne Holmes, who is a daughter of Mr. Maurice Holmes, who has just been appointed Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education, divides her time between studying art and playing lawn tennis at Queen's, and her opposite number débutante, Miss Rosalie Crutchley, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Crutchley. Mrs. Crutchley is a daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode, of the famous firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode. Mrs. Crutchley and Mrs. Holmes are giving a joint dance for their daughters on May 25th

he hits it
good and hard,
and
you momentarily
lie wondering
if it's a pelvis
or a broken spine . . .



don't you know
the feeling
of relief
when you get up
quite sound
and
some extraordinarily
understanding
fellow . . .



gives you
what
seems to be
yet another
gift from the gods
—a cigarette ?



Sutherland

FISHING ON THE SPEY: CAPTAIN AND MRS. A. M. T. FLETCHER, OF SALTOUN

Captain Fletcher has taken Gordon Castle for the spring fishing on the Spey. He is here seen with Mrs. Fletcher on his way to fish the Allt Dearg water

The Big Squeeze.

SO it has begun; the big squeeze which is designed eventually to exclude the owner-driven motor-car from London. Leslie Hore-Belisha, that micro-Mussolini, has announced that, at a date to be fixed later, all parking must stop and that all cars must either be in motion or in a garage. Unrepentant motorists like you and me can only sigh for the days when Mr. Morrison was in charge; when we had a Minister of Transport who ministered to transport. Instead we now have a Minister who confuses transportation with perpetual motion, and whose ideas of traffic are derived from the merry-go-round. But of course he has his supporters, staunch supporters who believe that the comforts and conveniences of the many must be sacrificed to the good of the few; strong disinterested supporters like London Transport, the railway companies, the taxi-cab proprietors and old ladies who live in squares.

Anyhow, it is going to be a battle, and now is the time for the motoring organisations to show if they are worth anything or nothing. For this parking ban would go a long way to kill private car ownership. It simply must not be permitted, and the motoring organisations must realise that they must beat it or it will beat them. I know the theory that Hore-Belisha made the announcement simply to frighten local authorities into providing garage space and making use of the Ribbon Development Act, but I do not believe it. Hore-Belisha has been hostile to the privately-owned motor car from the beginning. He is shrewd enough to see that politically motorists are unorganised, while their enemies are well organised. He understands, as the courts have understood, that dispensing injustice to motorists pays. He knows



THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY LIBERAL CLUB "ON ITS TOES": MISS D. L. SANDERSON AND LORD ERLEIGH

The Oxford University Liberal Club recently held a Discussion Luncheon at the Randolph Hotel, at which one of the principal speakers was Miss Gina Malo, one of the stars in "On Your Toes." Lord Erleigh is Lord Reading's son and heir, and is up at Balliol



AT THE RUSKIN ARTS BALL AT OXFORD

This ball, which is reported to have been a convincing success, was held at the Randolph Hotel, Oxford, and in this picture are some of those who aided and abetted. Left to right: Miss Helen Lovat Fraser, Miss Vera Kvaal, Prince Franz Hohenlohe, and Miss K. de Lempicka. Miss Lovat Fraser is the daughter of the late Mr. Lovat Fraser, the well-known stage designer, who was responsible for the costumes and décor in "The Beggar's Opera," to mention only one well-known production

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

the "hatred value" of persecuting motorists. In fact, it is only at times of emergency, when there are strikes or wars, that politicians regard motorists as anything other than a punching bag.

The 17-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley.

Life is the outstanding quality of the 17-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley which I had an opportunity of trying last week. The Armstrong-Siddeley has always been a car of quality; capable of giving long and faithful service; trustworthy in the highest degree; but the criticism that, in the past, the smaller models have been a bit slow in the uptake has been justified. At any rate, compared with the cars of to-day the old Armstrong-Siddeleys—I am still speaking only of the low-powered models—were rather over-deliberate in their responses. Not so this 17-h.p. six-light saloon, which is as smart a car in both performance and appearance as you could desire. Particularly good is the way the acceleration rate is maintained right up the scale until a speed of over 60 m.p.h. has been reached. Then and not till then does the curve tend to flatten out. I noted, for instance, that one gets through from 40 to 50 m.p.h. in about 5½ seconds. The consequence of this well-maintained performance is that the car is ideally suited to the half-town, half-country driving

in which I suppose the vast majority of car owners are chiefly interested.

One can take full advantage of short stretches of de-restricted road by surging quickly up to the sixties, and one can weave and wind in traffic with great facility. I confess to preserving an open mind on the relative advantages of self-changing gear-box and synchromesh gear-box, for I find both types have their uses; but in the 17, the self-changing box and centrifugal clutch are a boon, and their value warrants especial emphasis for the driver who is doing some shopping with the car or is

(Continued on page ii)

This England . . .



The Lion Rock, Dovedale



"I ASSURE YOU there are things in Derbyshire as noble as in Greece or Switzerland," wrote Byron to his friend Tom Moore; and much time thereafter did they spend here. Nor is this just scenery — to kodak and forget—but a land steeped in the traditions and domestic history of the race. Let there be praise, therefore, for the men of goodwill who have given of their lands about the lovely valley of the Dove to the National Trust, that this inheritance may be preserved to us. For it is not always easy to keep intact our patrimony in a swiftly changing world, and we may be thankful even for our Worthington, brewed hard by at Burton in the traditional way and preserved to us indeed by our own goodwill.

A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 500

points, I do not take the view that his inclusion is a gamble. He is far too good a sportsman to run any risk of a breakdown during the game.

The strongest part of the team has unquestionably been the pack, and the selectors have left the first two rows unchanged. It would not have been surprising if they had pursued the same policy with regard to the back row, but presumably there is still some doubt as to the type of game the England forwards are to play. It is surprising to find that J. Dicks, who gave such a splendid exhibition against Ireland, is not a first choice, but, of course, he may still be included. There is also a vacancy at right centre, and it certainly seems extraordinary that after six months' football the selectors should require another week to make up their minds as to who is to partner Cranmer. R. Leyland has been a prominent candidate for the last few weeks, but at the Navy and Army match the Navy centre, Surgeon Lieutenant Goldsworthy, attended to him so thoroughly that he cannot have improved the Army man's chances of another cap. As to the Scottish side, all we can say at the moment is that though they gained a satisfactory win over Wales, it must be remembered that the Welsh team that day could fairly be described as comic, and that when Scotland visited Dublin they were decisively beaten. It is true that they had particularly bad luck in the matter of injuries, but even taking that into consideration they did not come up to expectations. A friendly Irish correspondent assures me that Ireland cannot lose against Wales and that England cannot lose against Scotland.

As usual, the Navy v. Army game proved to be one of the football treats of the season. Although the Army won by 14 points to 3, the Navy did not deserve to lose by so large a margin. They played in their usual robust style, and at one stage appeared to have just a chance of winning.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 502

dinner of the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club. Sir Henry Holmes presided, and Lord Sempill was the principal guest. Lord Sempill drew attention to the advantages of using for club work the ultra-light type of aeroplanes, fitted with Ford and other car engines modified, and said that thirty or forty of these machines were already in use in this country. Mr. A. A. Rice, the chairman of the club, mentioned that it was the sixth to be formed in the country, and that there were now more than fifty.

Incidentally, the Air Estimates make provision for a subsidy of £35,000 for the light aeroplane clubs and of £5,000 for the gliding "movement." And I have already mentioned the new scheme which was put before the Air Ministry some time ago by the representatives of the clubs. Certainly that additional £10,000 for the clubs will be useful.

* * *

Squadron-Leader Ira Jones, one of the big personalities of the Royal Air Force, has signalled his retirement from the Service by bursting into air journalism. He has taken over the editorship of *The Aeropilot*, a paper which has seen many chops and changes and ups and downs, but which has the makings of a really useful publication. Squadron-Leader Jones brought down over forty enemy machines during the war and has a string of decorations which would fill up a couple of lines of this article; but as I warned him when I heard of his new venture, editing a paper is more dangerous than air fighting.

But Squadron-Leader Jones remains a fighter to this day, and I think he looks forward to the battles of journalism with enthusiasm. His book on Mannoek was a challenging document. And when he referees a rugby football match—for he is one of the leading referees—the fighting spirit still dominates.



AT THE "THUNDER IN THE CITY" PREMIERE: MRS. BERYL MARKHAM

Mrs. Beryl Markham, the famous British airwoman, arriving at the London Pavilion for the opening of the amusing British made film, *Thunder in the City*. Another picture taken on this occasion is on a neighbouring page of this issue



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"BLACK & WHITE"

S C O T C H W H I S K Y

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 508

making social or business calls in London or any other heavily trafficked city. And, alternatively, when one escapes into wide open spaces a speedometer 70 m.p.h. is attainable without much effort and it can be held for as long as the road allows.

Engine Finish.

If I were selling this car I think I should ask anyone interested to look under the bonnet first of all; for the engine finish and general appearance, as well as the under-bonnet arrangements, are extraordinarily good. The engine is of 2,394 c.c. capacity with an annual tax of £12 15s. The valves are overhead and ignition is by coil with automatic advance and retard. Thermostatic control of the cooling water is included in the specification. Chassis lubrication is centralised and the springing is controlled by hydraulic shock absorbers.

For those who are not familiar with the latest developments of the Armstrong Siddeley transmission I want to emphasise that the centrifugal clutch eliminates all "yowling" when the car is standing with engine idling. The centrifugal clutch at such times disconnects the engine from the gear-box and in consequence there are no gear-box noises. One leaves the car in gear when coming to rest for traffic and, prior to moving away again, one preselects low gear and engages it by a depression of the left pedal. To move it is then necessary only to press the accelerator pedal. The brakes are semi-servo and are powerful and

pleasant to use. The coachwork of the six-light saloon deserves special mention. The car seats five and gives plenty of room. The outlook is good and the windows ventilate by means of the two-way system in which the window moves up and shuts and then slides back if the handle is still turned, so as to leave a slit at the front. This slit freshens the air inside without causing a draught. The worm and nut steering is accurate and self-centring. The price of the 17 h.p. six-light saloon is £395.



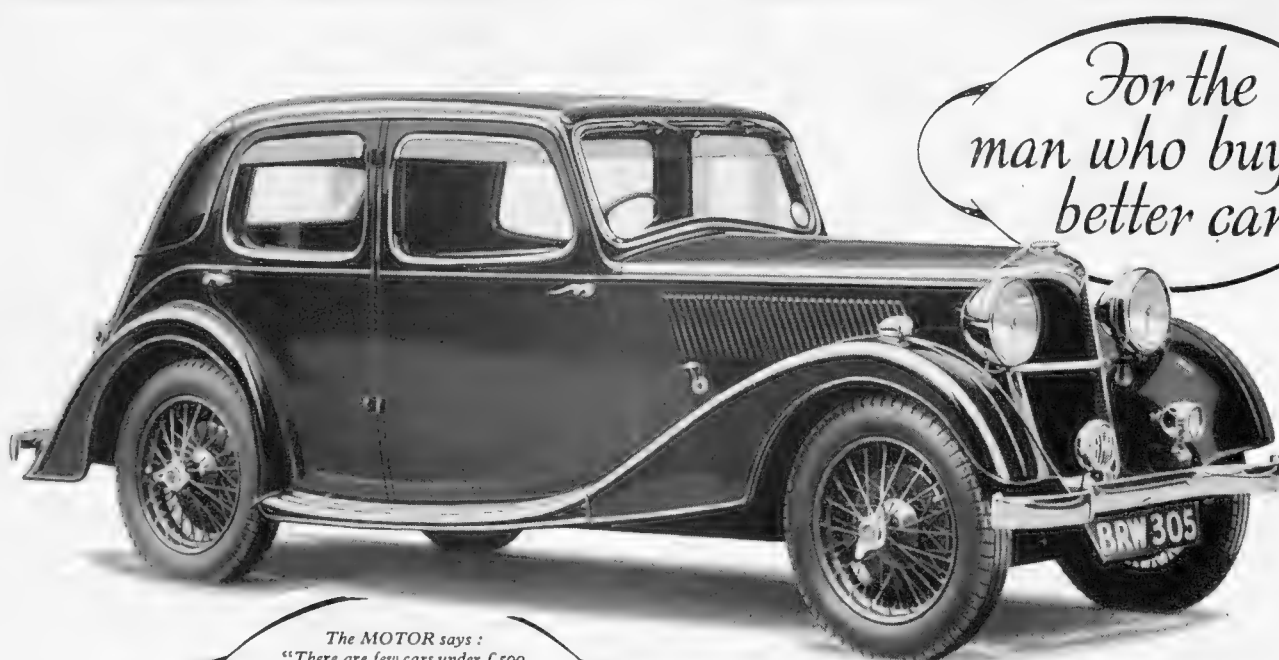
GRANDCHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY: COUNTESS GUJA, VITTORIA, AND LUDOVICA, AND COUNT PIER CALVI DI BERGOLO

These attractive children are grandchildren of the King and Queen of Italy, their mother, Countess Calvi di Bergolo, being the former Princess Yolanda of Italy. According to a Milan newspaper the three little girls are to enter a school in Sussex at the beginning of the summer term

Golf by the Mile.

"Fifty Miles of Golf Round London," which has just been published by the Whitefriars Press at 2s., is an original kind of a book which will be likely, I think, to be useful to a great many of my readers. It serves two purposes, navigational and economic. It enables a golfer to find the easiest way to any golf course within the selected area and it also aids him to estimate the cost of a day's play. Two hundred and sixty-three clubs are dealt with in the book, for London golf, thanks to the motor car, now embraces an extensive field. Under each heading one finds the date of institution, the address and telephone number, the secretary's name, details of tickets and charges, green fees and caddie fees, the name of the professional and greenkeeper and other facts which are likely to be of value. At the end there is a map on which are marked all the courses described in the book.

It is obviously impossible for the information to be checked throughout; but what checking is possible shows that the book is accurate, and I can highly recommend it to every motoring golfer.



The MOTOR says:
"There are few cars under £500 which give the same feeling of confidence and security arising from a deep-rooted sense of control in difficult circumstances, and it would be hard to find a car which was so versatile in its appeal, both to the novice and the hard bitten enthusiast. It is so easy to drive and gives so much pleasure in handling."

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BUY A QUALITY CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 495

One great character "The Tout" has very rightly included is Black Tom Olliver, who won three Nationals and rode in more than most. This short record of his Aintree exploits may be of interest to a few people: 1839, second on Seventy-Four to Lottery (Jem Mason)—the year that Becher, riding Conrad, got two falls at the brook which has ever since borne his name; 1840, Seventy-Four unplaced; 1842, won it on Gay Lad; 1843, won it on Vanguard; 1844, unplaced on Wiverton; 1845, unplaced on Vanguard; which horse he then owned; 1846, unplaced on Carlow; 1847, second on St. Leger to Matthew; 1848, second on The Curate to Chandler (of the famous leap at Warwick), who was ridden by Captain Little; 1849, third on Prince George to Peter Simple and The Knight of Gwynne; 1850, unplaced on Columbine; 1851, unplaced on Tipperary Boy; 1852, unplaced on Agis; 1853, won on Peter Simple; 1854, unplaced on Maurice Daley; 1855, unplaced on Bastion; 1859, unplaced on Claudius. This is a pretty good innings, and included in the "unplaced" are many falls.

Tom Olliver was another of those who were said to be fonder of the guineas than the glory, and there are many yarns told of him and his exciting adventures—other than the Grand National ones.

One of the best I ever heard tell was about when he took a horse he owned down to a little meeting somewhere in the west, believing that he might be able to back it. It was a faint hope not destined to be realised, because it at once became a red-hot favourite purely on the great jockey's name. This, so they say, did not commend itself to Black Tom as a sound commercial proposition, and



"TAKE MY" "READY CASH".
A LINCOLN & NATIONAL "DOUBLE" TIP. (?)

he did not know quite what to do. The runners eventually boiled down to only three—which made things infinitely worse. There was Tom's horse, a speedy thing owned by a local farmer, and the third a plodding old skin and patent safety that would go on jumping them all day at his own pace. That seemed the one for Tom's money, and fortunately, just before the race, he discovered the way in which to eliminate the other remaining runner—the farmer's nice blood-like mare. He heard (through the dressing tent) the farmer giving instructions to the lad who was to ride her, and they were to the effect that Tom being a tricky man, the boy was never to get in front of him till they had jumped the last fence, when he could come away and beat Tom's horse all ends up for speed. "Don't 'ee leave that there Mr. H'Olliver on no accounts" said the farmer, "and follow 'im wherever 'e go!" This suited Tom nicely. He had a remunerative wager (through a sure hand) on the old plodder. Off they went on the adventure, Tom setting a nice easy pace, the farmer's boy close in his wake. There was a point at which the course crossed a road. After landing in the road Tom pulled up dead; the farmer's boy, suspecting some artful trick and remembering his orders, followed suit. Tom then proceeded to trot down the road towards a village pub; the boy after him. Arrived, Tom said: "Like a glass o' beer, me lad?" Of course, the lad said "Yes zur!" So they had it, and Tom then said, "Now let's go and finish the race!" So off they went once more in the same follow-my-leader order. The moment they had jumped the last one the boy went past Tom like a flash and romped home, yelling, "I woon the race! I woon the race!" The farmer came at him with a stick, and to the poor loon's amazement knocked him off and yelled: "Ye dom'd fule, t'other one been 'ome nigh 'arf 'our ago!"

A dining room by HAMPTONS

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A specimen Dining Room, decorated and furnished by Hamptons in the Modern Style. The mantelpiece is of Amboyna Burr. The central feature of the upper part is a decorative lacquered panel, on each side of which are vertical tubular lights. The furniture is of Amboyna and Weathered Sycamore the chairs being covered with waterproof hide.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



THE new spring and summer hats are indeed masterpieces of design and the colours are very lovely. The veil has many rôles to play and introduces a softening note in models that would otherwise be too severe. Various new straws are seen, the majority having a shiny surface. There are many novelties in felt hats that are silky to the touch, and very light



THE thoughts of women are focused on Easter and the processions which succeed the Coronation. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, have assembled in their salons hats that represent the acme of smartness. Nevertheless, they are very flattering, and cast just the necessary helpful shadows across the face. By the way, all the models on this page may be specially created for individual clients in shades that will harmonise or contrast artistically with the dress they are destined to accompany. The spring brochure would gladly be sent post free on application



AS pictured modes are always of interest attention must be drawn to those portrayed, all of which come from Peter Robinson's. Marine blue shantung makes the hat at the top of this page. The crown is gartered with petersham, which is also used for the motif in front enriched with gardenias; of it one may become the possessor for three and a half guineas. A toll has been levied on a fine exotic straw for the affair in the centre. A wreath of flowers encircles the crown, an important feature being a narrow "turnover" at the edge of the flattering brim

SURE of an instantaneous success is the shady hat at the base of the page on the right. Black Leghorn has been used for its fashioning, while black ciré and apple green crêpe unite in increasing its charm. The "cache-peigne" at the back guarantees that it will remain at the correct angle. Above it is a close-fitting model of fine split straw; a spray of shaded flowers, which outdo Nature in their ethereal transparency, rests against the crown, while a veil completes the scheme. There are many variations on this theme for all occasions in these salons

Pictures by Blake





Fashion takes the Ice—with Yardley Lavender



With the gay figures circling and gliding over the ice, the clean fresh fragrance of Yardley Lavender moves like the very spirit of Youth. Its sparkling freshness is keyed to this most exhilarating of sports. It adds grace and charm to daytime pursuits and to informal occasions in the evening too.

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YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND ST LONDON W1

Spring Suits

FASHIONS for the ensuing months have a charm that is entirely their own. There are innumerable variations on each theme; those which are present in the Stefney models are original and distinctive. For instance, all monotony is banished from the coats. They are finger-tip, hip, three-quarter and full length, and their backs are cut in many shapes, such as square, "double-spade," swallow-tail and short Eton



WHEN navy and white are united the result in the hands of a skilled artist is sure to please; these are present in the Stefney ensemble on the left. The coat and skirt are made of a new yarn with a tweed effect; the white waistcoat has more than a bowing acquaintance with linen. And as it is Coronation Year the scarf is red. The dress of the suit on the right is of curly bouclé; it has passed the censorship of the most severe critics. The collar is faced to match the coat. The fastening is unusual, being composed of rope of the same yarn as the dress, finished with sealing-wax red ornaments. The multi-coloured coat which completes the scheme is distinctive. These models are sold by dressmakers of prestige, but should there be difficulty in obtaining them, application must be made to I. and L. Stephany, 2, Berners Street, W.1

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THIS POWDER BUSINESS



ANOTHER recruit has been added to the Beauty Secrets from Bond Street that made their début under the chaperonage of Yardley. It is a new powder that has been christened "English Complexion," and, as will be seen from the illustration at the top of this page, the container is remarkably artistic. It is due to scientific research that in this powder four specially prepared ingredients are blended which combat the local complexion difficulties. Among its many advantages is that it clings lastingly in spite of all weathers. It resists grease and will not cake, and because of its absorptive properties prevents the rapid appearance of perspiration. It is 3s. 6d. a box and is available in the following shades: Natural, Medium Rachel, English Peach, Deep Rachel, Rose Rachel and Gipsy. Its perfumed mistiness blends cunningly with the skin, subtly enhancing its loveliness.

A swansdown puff should be used and the powder showered evenly over the face and neck like a fine mist. Now all who wish to know the other Beauty Secrets from Bond Street must write to Yardley, 33, Old Bond Street, who will gladly send an interesting brochure. Naturally, a visit is to be recommended, as the treatments are of a very high order of merit and do have a downright beneficial effect on the skin. The good work begun in these salons may easily be continued at home; the preparations should be used regularly in accordance with the very full instructions

STICKING CLOSER THAN A FRIEND,
PROOF AGAINST A RAINY DAY,
MADE WITH EVERY FACE TO BLEND—
THAT'S THE YARDLEY POWDER WAY

Picture by Blake

NEW FASHIONS IN JERSEY FABRIC

KNITWEAR DEPARTMENT
(GROUND FLOOR)



(Above)
A PERFECTLY CUT AND TAILORED ENSEMBLE designed on simple lines and carried out in fine Jersey Fabric. Note the new turreted edges which is also at hem of Skirt. In black and navy. Price **14½ Gns.**

Made to measure 1 guinea extra

(Below)
AN ENSEMBLE comprising Dress in latest novelty printed wool. 2-colour design—with Coat of plain Jersey made with that attention to detail that alone can induce perfection of fit. Off-white/navy, off-white/black, dust pink/navy, off-white/bottle-green. Price **12½ Gns.**

Made to measure 1 guinea extra

JAY'S
Costumiers & Furriers LTD.
REGENT ST.
W. 1

morning



MARKING TIME IN THE MODERN MANNER

"NATIONAL FITNESS" is now a familiar slogan, and well-designed shoes that fit the foot exactly are an important means to this end. Stepping smartly through the day come the shoes on this page from H. and M. Rayne, 58, New Bond Street. The Court shoe at the top of the sketch is in clay-coloured calf, with punching and underlay of a contrasting colour. Since sets of accessories are smart, there are gloves and bags of the same leather. Beneath it on the left is a practical walking shoe, available in black, brown and blue calf with decorative punching and gimping; it also looks well in rust-coloured suède. The third shoe for morning wear is a step-in model with the fashionable built-up front and fringed tab. Different leathers are often combined, and the light tie shoe for afternoon wear is in

lizard and glacé kid. Beside it stands a high-heeled doeskin Court shoe with stitched patent leather on the toe and vamp—a very flattering shape. Below this a fancy Court shoe is seen with a narrow strap, in suède and kid of various colours

afternoon



SHOES will literally carry one through the day, but naturally other fashions must be considered. There is little change in the general silhouette, though skirts are slightly shorter and waistlines very clearly defined. Boleros, often edged with scalloped piqué or vivid embroidery, recall the costume of a Toreador or African Zouave. Checks of all kinds, including pastel plaids, are combined with plain materials. A military influence can be seen in various details, such as gold braid trimming, epaulettes and kilted skirts, while the senior service is represented by many models in navy blue. Knitwear has recently been very much developed; tailored suits are worked in linen and cotton as well as wool, and there are attractive knitted floral "prints." Again, an all-over pattern may be embroidered by hand on a crochet foundation

EVENING slippers must be very skillfully constructed to give the necessary support

with so little material, since they are often very much cut away. Dancing is a pleasant method of improving the shape of the foot, but it is useless if the shoes are clumsy or ill-fitting. The sandal on the left below is in satin and either gold or silver kid. Beside it is an even more "open" sandal with a graceful high heel, also in satin piped throughout with shining kid

Evening



THE elaborate decoration which many designers are showing on their evening dresses is an interesting revival of Victorian standards of taste. Glittering sequins may be sewn by hand all over a dress or bolero; motifs of metal embroidery are seen, and there is a magnificent array of gold braid. Rich Oriental lamés and gleaming satins are cut into long, slender sheaths, with a suggestion of a train. There is, however, another distinct silhouette, with close-fitting bodice and full billowing skirt—the perfect frock for a Viennese waltz. Waistlines are high, while the corsage may be finished with narrow twisted straps or lace epaulettes. Some of these dresses are seen in tiered net and many in Chantilly lace, in pastel shades or a deep midnight blue that often replaces black. Where black is used it is relieved by splashes of colour, as vivid as the national flags that will be seen during Coronation week. Stately evening coats in rich brocade look like figures on a mediaeval tapestry, their skirts sweeping out from the waist and edged with elaborate embroidery



She watched
the
man
who



knows
about Gin

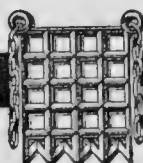
Every time she went there she kept her eyes fixed on him as he mixed the cocktails . . . noted the exact proportion of each ingredient . . . the precise strength and duration of the shake. But still hers were never the same—never had quite that “touch.” Until, one day, he ran out of gin, and she heard what he said when they sent something that wasn’t **SEAGERS** - - - then she knew!

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"Nice Child"—continued from p. 506

It was a matter of considerable speculation as to what Mrs. Belton did think of him. Some were of the opinion that she really enjoyed the company of the little man; others thought that she was just being kind. Only Verity Cartwright actually was anywhere near right, and she did not say what she thought—that Mrs. Belton was so fundamentally lazy that she took the line of least resistance. Not that she knew very much of her, for they had only met on the boat coming out. But she knew that she was a widow and spent her life drifting from one country to another as the mood took her.

Jimmy D. was now finding his days as short as they had been long, for, in addition to the time he spent with Mrs. Belton, there were the Cartwrights. Verity, being a warm-hearted child—she was nothing much else—went out of her way to make him feel that he was neglecting them if he did not drop into the hotel to see them at least once a day. And for the first time for many years Jimmy D. found his advice being sought.

"Now what do you really think? If you were us would you stay here?" Verity would ask, and, "Do you really think we could make grapefruit farming pay? And now, what is your opinion? Could we live on three hundred a year until we got it going?" A nice child—Verity.

And what with collecting data on grapefruit farming, and talking to Mrs. Belton and looking after Peter Cartwright when he went down with one of his chest colds. Jimmy D. found himself getting quite badly behind with his drinking. It was not until the short lovely life of the spring flowers on the mountains was over and Peter began to find the heat trying, that the Cartwrights and Mrs. Belton began to talk about leaving. By this time Mrs. Belton seemed to have attached herself in her lazy way to the Cartwrights. Finally, they booked their passages on a boat for the end of June, and it was all arranged that they were going to share a house and Jimmy D. was going to stay with them as soon as he could get away. It was Verity actually who invited him, but he seemed to think it was Mrs. Belton, perhaps because that was what he wanted to think.

Surely the tide had turned for Jimmy D., for in June he had the astounding news that he had won six thousand pounds in a Derby sweepstake with a ticket, which, true to the form of winners, he had forgotten he had bought. Then he gave the best party that Ferranousa had ever known, a caviare-Cliequot sort of party, and the whole evening Jimmy D. was not the slightest bit tinkled, as he called it.

When they left, he stood on the quay waving his old Panama until their ship was no more than a speck flickering on the horizon, and then he went slowly back to the Club to see what mail there was for him. And while the others were absorbed in their correspondence he leant against the fireplace, but he did not watch them wistfully, neither did he order a double port. He looked at a shipping list, and there was a contented smile of anticipation in his eyes.

The first time they went ashore Verity said, "Let's get some postcards and send them to Jimmy D."

"Let's," Mrs. Belton echoed lazily, and then she got swept away by some new friends she had made on the boat and Verity did not see her until after the boat had sailed. When Verity asked her whether she had sent a card to Jimmy D., Mrs. Belton looked rather surprised and said, "No, no, she hadn't."

At the next port much the same thing happened, but this time Verity got a stamped postcard and gave it to her; but, days later, after they had called at several places, she saw that it was still in her bag. Then Verity's mouth tucked itself in at the corners, and she flashed out, "It's out of sight, out of mind with you, isn't it?"

But Mrs. Belton was imperturbable. She yawned and answered, "My dear, I never write to anybody. It's one of the things I can't cope with."

"But Jimmy D. is different," Verity retorted. "You simply have got to write to Jimmy D. You know what your friendship means to him; why it's made all the difference in the world to him."

Mrs. Belton patted her hand. "My dear, you are still young enough to imagine that you can reconstruct people's lives. I am old enough to know that the most you can do is to alter them, perhaps, for a little while."

"It's not a matter of reconstructing," Verity had a fiery little temper. "It's a matter of not letting him down, and you can't let him down like that; you shouldn't have been so friendly with him if you didn't intend to keep it up."

In the end, Mrs. Belton did say that she would write to him. But she never did. And when they got back to England Verity tackled her again. "Jimmy D. will never come on leave unless you write to him," she said.

"Jimmy D. will never come on leave if I wrote to him on every mail," Mrs. Belton answered.

Verity asked her what made her say that.

"I've seen too many people who drink," Mrs. Belton said in her easy assured way.



L a n s o n

The

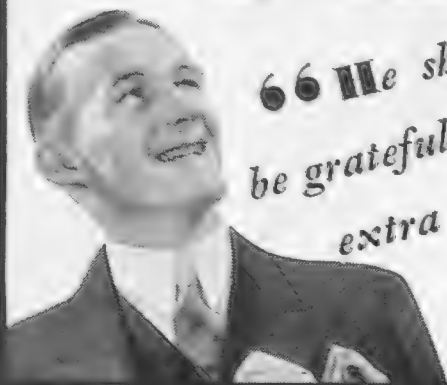
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....he was just about to say "I wish you hadn't parted with that old chair" when he realised that its new look was due to Vita-Cleaned covers. These harmonise nicely with the blue and white figured curtains; tinting them pale green has intensified their blue pattern. The honey beige carpet was unpractical,--now that it's dyed dusty pink it looks just like new. The bill is very reasonable. Pair of curtains Plus-Dyed (2 yds. x 1½ yds. each) 6/-. Chair covers, 1 large 1 small 6/6. Axminster Carpet Plus-Dyed (6' x 9') 15/-. And, of course, you pay my return carriage.

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“Nice Child”—continued from p. xiv

“So you think he's a hopeless case and you aren't going to bother,” Verity threw at her. “Is that it?”

“My dear child”—Mrs. Belton was in no way annoyed—“you cannot run other people's lives for them. I shouldn't try if I were you, you are only doomed to failure. And if I did start writing letters there are at least a dozen people I should have to write to before I wrote to Jimmy D.”

“But Jimmy D. is different,” Verity pleaded.

“Jimmy D.'s case is hopeless, my dear. You see, before long Lorna Trent will tell you that he is drinking as much as ever and has given up the idea of leave.”

“I think you are beastly!” Verity flared.

After that and several more similar discussions, when Verity lost her temper, it was mutually agreed that Mrs. Belton should cease to share the house with them. But before she left an Air Mail letter came from Jimmy D. His leave was still held up, he said, but he hoped soon to overcome the difficulty of the pool doctor and expected to be in England by September.

“He won't,” Mrs. Belton said.

“He will, if you only would write to him,” Verity urged.

Mrs. Belton shrugged and shook her head.

Now Verity possessed the doubtful accomplishment of being able to write two distinct hands, and after Mrs. Belton had left them,

much against Peter's advice she wrote a long and very friendly letter to Jimmy D. as from Mrs. Belton. By return came a delighted reply from him, and Verity found herself committed to a long weekly letter.

September came, but still it was impossible for him to get away. There was an outbreak of typhoid in the island, he wrote, and no doctor could be spared, and he was as busy as he could be.

But he never missed the mail, and neither did Verity. Her letters to him were not always easy, for sometimes he asked questions about herself—or rather Mrs. Belton—that she found very difficult to answer; but she kept up an air of vagueness and trusted to his coming to the conclusion that Mrs. Belton was one of those people who never do actually answer a letter.

Mrs. Belton's prophecy was incorrect. When Lorna Trent did write she said how much better Jimmy D. was, and how he was always talking of what he was going to do with his sweepstake money when he got to England.

Verity had quite made up her mind as to what she was going to do directly the date for his leave was fixed. She was going to take all his letters to Mrs. Belton, tell her what she had done, and make her read them. To her way of thinking no one in this world could possibly let him down.

But in October his letters suddenly stopped. Verity went on writing, but when the fourth mail came in and still there was nothing from him she wrote to Lorna Trent and asked her if he was ill. She got a reply from her three weeks later. Jimmy D. was dead. He had caught typhoid and died, all in a matter of a few days. Lorna Trent wrote, and she went on—

“... we are all so glad that Mrs. Belton kept up her friendship with him. You can have no idea what it meant to the little man. I don't wonder that he left everything to her. The wording of his will was really pathetic: ‘I leave all I possess to the one and only true friend that I have had for more years than I care to remember.’”

When Peter read the letter he exclaimed indignantly, “Well I'm jiggered!”

Verity sat very quietly for a moment, then she said softly, “Poor Jimmy D.! Poor Jimmy D.!”

A nice child—Verity.



IN “LLOYD'S OF LONDON”: MADELEINE CARROLL AND TYRONE POWER

The film *Lloyd's of London* is to open at the Gaumont in the first week in April. This picture has a cast mainly English, including Freddie Bartholomew, C. Aubrey Smith, Virginia Field and the late Sir Guy Standing as well as the attractive pair seen above



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Weddings Abroad

The marriage is taking place in Rangoon in April between Mr. Rodney Shuttleworth Drake, the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Drake, of Galmpton, Devon, and Miss Molly Lloyd, the second daughter of Mr.



MISS BERYL WALLACE SMITH AND MR. JOHN WEIR FIFE

Whose engagement was recently announced. Miss Wallace Smith is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Smith, of Heath Garage, Catter, Cheshire, and niece of the late Chas. Justice, Sir Charles Justice, and her fiancé is the second son of the late Mr. Robert Fife and Mrs. Fife, of Edinburgh.

I. G. Lloyd, I.C.S., and Mrs. Lloyd, of 3, Newlyn Road, Rangoon; on April 3. Mr. Thomas Dick Laurie, the elder son of Mr. T. D. Laurie and the late Mrs. Laurie, and Miss Rosemary Anne Hale Puckle, the elder daughter of Mr. H. Hale Puckle, C.I.E., I.C.S., and Mrs. Puckle, are being married in Lahore; Lieut. Commander B. G. Scurfield, Royal Navy, and Miss Mary Lee are to be married in Malta early in April; and on April 10, Lieutenant G. L. S. Grace, the Royal Sussex Regiment, is marrying Miss Mary V. Whithead at St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem.

Next Month.

On April 14, Captain Peter Leese, Coldstream Guards, R.O., marries Miss Betty Dugdale at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks; on the next day, Mr. Robert Arnold Paul Butler and Miss Alison Forbes are being married at St. George's, Hanover Square; Mr. James Meakin and Miss Mary Frith are being married at St. Mary's Church, Swynnerton, on the 16th; the marriage between Dr. P. P. Murphy, Colonial Medical Service, British Somaliland, and Miss Lucie Prenter, of Linlithgow, Scotland, takes place on the 17th, and on the 24th, Flight-Lieutenant Matthew Barr Hamilton, Royal Air Force, marries Miss Jean Macdonald Gregory at Chelsea Old Church.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Anthony Miles Barne, 1st The Royal Dragoons, the second son of the late Major Miles Barne, D.S.O., Scots Guards, of Sotterley and Dunwich, and Mrs. Barne, of The Malting, Garboldisham, Norfolk, and Miss Cara Holmes Hunt, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Holmes Hunt, of Toorak, Melbourne, Australia; Mr. Charles George Warner, the son of Canon C. E. Warner, The Close, Hereford and the late Mrs. Warner, and Miss Eleanor Patricia Waterfield, the daughter of the Dean of Hereford, and Mrs. Waterfield; Captain Charles Robert Paul, Royal Artillery, the elder son of the late Captain W. Edgar Paul and Mrs. Paul, of Clifton, Bristol, and Miss Monica Bygott Webb, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sidney Webb, of Cheriton, Angmering, Sussex; Mr. William K. Fisher, of Duddenhill, Watford, and Mrs. R. A. Welling, widow of Mr. Reginald A. Welling, late of Radnor, Cardiff.



MISS PEGGY CRIPPS

Whose engagement was announced last month to Lieut.-Commander James Edward Fenton, R.N., the youngest son of Mr. Raymond R. Fenton and Mrs. Fenton, of Loversal, Sussex Coast, Lytham, Miss Margaret Dorothea Peggy Cripps is the only daughter of Captain E. T. Cripps, M.C., and Mrs. Cripps, of South Cerney Manor, Gloucester.

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your gums, too, with Forhans, just as dentists advise. Notice how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhans costs no more than most ordinary dentifrices, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhans to-day, and end half-way care once and for all. On sale throughout the world.

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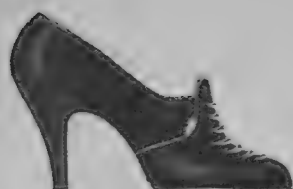
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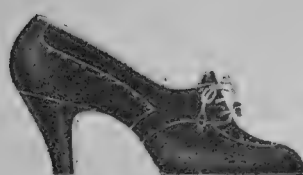
Blue Suede, piped kid - 49/6



Blue or Black Suede, kid
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Blue Suede, piped self kid
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Blue Suede piped self kid
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Blue Suede

Plan your Spring accessories round Blue. This ever classic colour in shoes is more important than ever this Season. And here it is captured in all its delicate beauty in these models of Blue Suede to enhance the chic of your new costumes.

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SOME RECENT GRAND NATIONALS

By R. FENWICK PALMER



REYNOLDSTOWN

Major Noel Furlong's grand horse won the Grand National in 1936 with Mr. F. Walwyn up and in 1935 with the owner's son, Mr. Frank Furlong. He does not run this year

year-olds, to be trained by Coulthwaite, with whom they remained until sold at Newmarket. Gregalach found another home, but Grakle, purchased by Mr. Cecil Taylor, remained at Hednesford.

Each won a National, and on their running this day there can have been little between them.

In 1932, Mr. Parsonage's Forbra, ridden by Hamey, won by three lengths from Egremont, ridden by Mr. Paget, with Shaun Gollin third. The near presence of the old horse proved the form to be not quite so good as in the previous year, but nevertheless Forbra, jumping without fault, put up a very meritorious display. All were loud in praise of the good race ridden by Mr. Paget, yet none would grudge the victory to Hamey.

The year 1933 saw the first appearance of Golden Miller at Aintree. The son of Gold Court had been cleaning them up all over the country, and his latest exploit had been a win by ten lengths from Thomond II in the Cheltenham Gold Cup. It was not surprising, therefore, to see him installed as first favourite for the race of this year, for

"Grakle, I suppose, but then he is Grakle!"

So said the late and much missed handicapper, the late Col. Leslie, when I asked him what he thought would win the National of 1931. His supposition was correct, for the son of Jackdaw, showing no waywardness that day, put up a sterling performance and won by a length and a half from Gregalach in the then record time of 9 mins. 34½ secs.

It is said that there is no rivalry so fierce as between friends. Whether the two horses were friends I do not know, but they were certainly acquaintances. Both originally purchased in the rough by Mr. Laidlaw, they were sent, as four-

unless form was valueless it was merely a question of standing up to win. It appeared when he jumped the water that the fences were not troubling him overmuch, but a blunder at Becher's on the second round put him wrong and he fell soon afterwards. When they came into clear view after Valentine's, it seemed likely that one of the "Jacks," Kellsboro' or Pelorous, would be the winner. At the last fence the latter had a slight lead, but falling heavily, left Kellsboro Jack to win by three lengths and a neck from Really True and Slater. Owned by Mrs. Ambrose Clarke, and trained by Ivor Anthony, he was well ridden by the ex-amateur D. Williams, as was Really True by Mr. Furlong. A true Liverpool jumper, the son of Jackdaw can be placed as a National winner well above the ordinary.

The time, 9 minutes 28 seconds, was a record for the race, beating that of Grakle by four seconds odd.

It was expected that Really True would atone for his defeat the following year, and he started a firm favourite at 7/1, with Golden Miller, Forbra and Delaneige most fancied of the others. With the exception of Really True, who fell, the forecast was very accurate, for the others occupied three of the first four places.

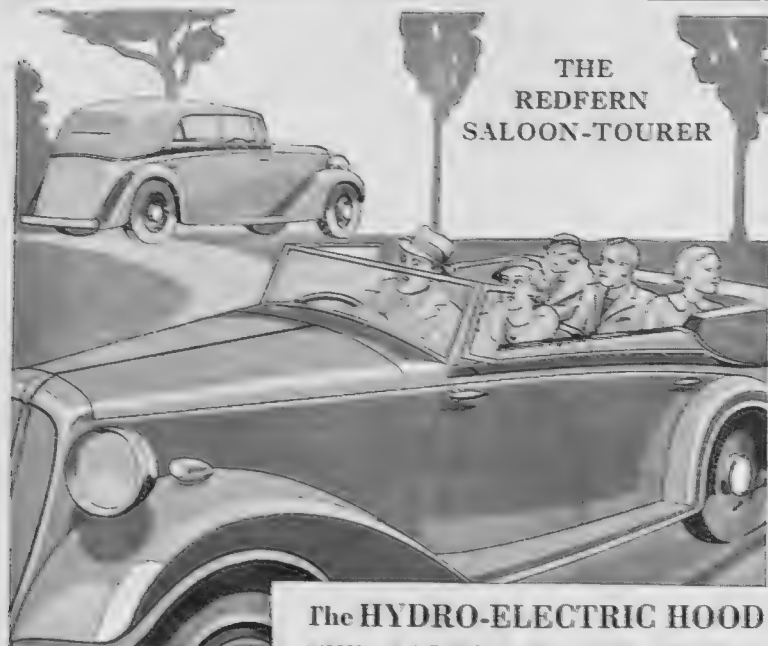
As in the previous year, Golden Miller had won the Cheltenham Gold Cup by lengths from Avenger and Kellsboro' Jack. Had the race been run elsewhere, he would doubtless have started an even money favourite or better, but there still



MISS PAGET'S GOLDEN MILLER

Golden Miller was the Grand National winner of 1934, but his subsequent performances in the race have been disappointing. Maybe he will make amends in this Coronation year

(Continued on p. xxi)

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SALOON-TOURERThe HYDRO-ELECTRIC HOOD
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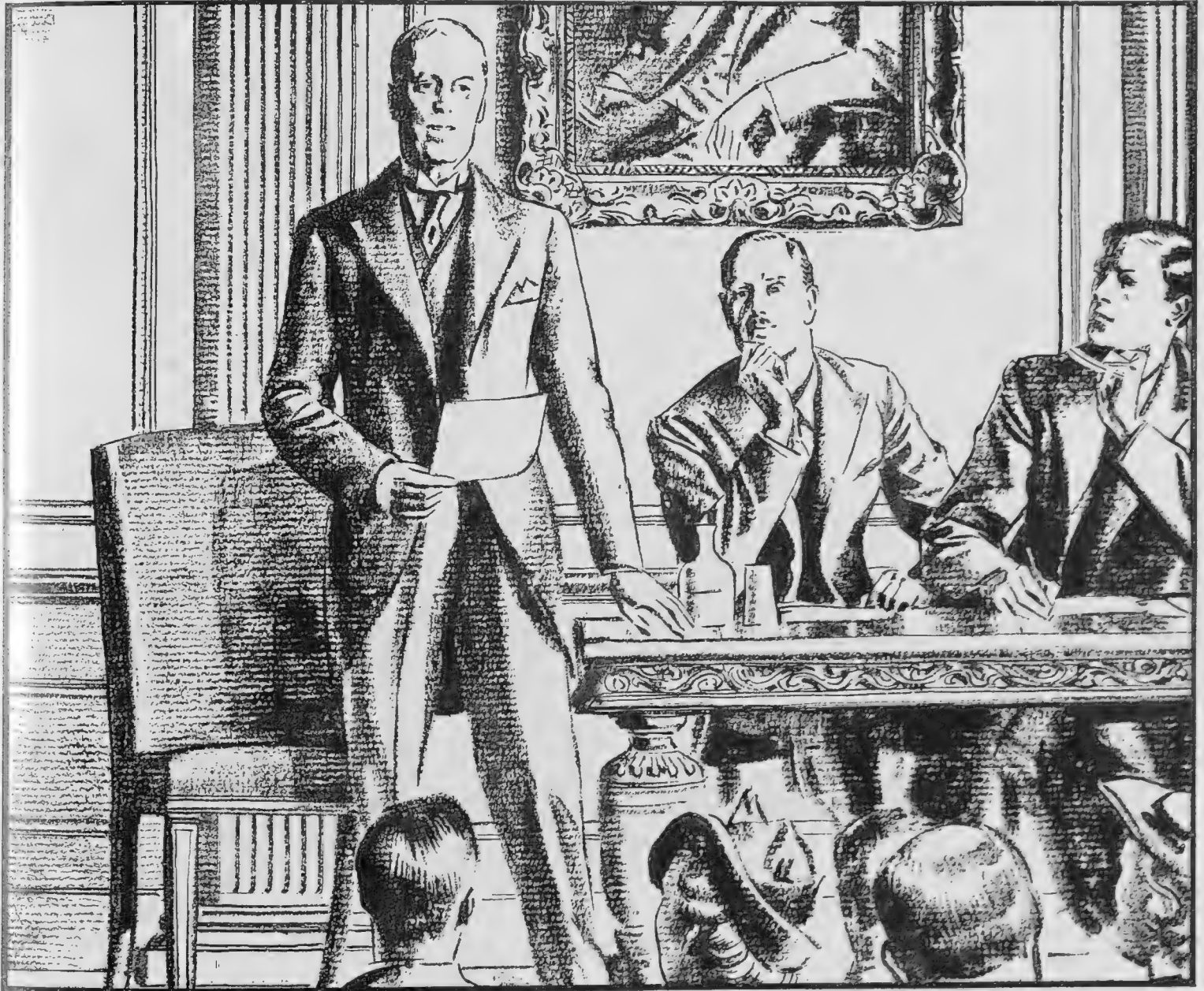
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UNITED KINGDOM



Some Recent Grand Nationals—*cont. from p. xx*

lurked in the mind of racegoers the memory of his fall the previous year and a doubt whether he would get the course.

Well ridden by G. Wilson, he smashed all previous records, and won by five lengths and five from Delaneige and Thomond II. No one could have been more deserving of the honour than Miss Paget, who has spared neither pains nor money to get the best, both for the flat and steeplechasing. No one could have been more deserving of a winning ride than that very fine horseman, Wilson, who year after year heads the list of winning jockeys, but had yet to ride the winner here. And, finally, the horse himself. Though there may have been more consistent performers over Liverpool, he was great that day, and a better performer over the Park Courses we have yet to see. The following year there was little doubt in the backer's mind as to the ability of the "Miller" to negotiate the country, and he started the hottest favourite on record at 2-1, with Thomond next to him at 9-2. The reason for the short odds against both competitors was without doubt the remarkable race for the Cheltenham Gold Cup, in which each had run a fortnight before. In a race generally agreed to have been the finest steeplechase ever seen, Golden Miller had won by three-quarters of a length and five from Thomond II and Kellsboro' Jack.

Ridden by Speck, whose death at Cheltenham a month later cast a shadow over the year's racing, Thomond II was early with the leaders, with Golden Miller well placed, but shortly after Valentine's the unaccountable happened. Stopping on a fence and making a half jump, Golden Miller got rid of his jockey, G. Wilson.

Numerous were the reasons given for the lapse, and I, for one, shall give no more, except to say that most likely the same thing has happened to all of us on our safest and best hunter, and over a fence not so formidable as that which confronted Golden Miller. There were diversities of opinion as to the mishap, but one and all were sorry to learn that the horse had left Briscoe's stable soon after the race. To have transformed a raw colt into the superb racehorse which he became, was a triumph in the art of making a jumper.

At the water, the greyhound-like Thomond was still prominent, and at Becher's took up the running to the racecourse, where he was joined by Reynoldstown and Blue Prince. Doubts had been freely expressed as to whether a horse of such brilliant speed could get the

long and tiring journey, and, as in the case of Easter Hero and Silvo, those doubts were correct.

Thomond jumped the last fence with Reynoldstown, but was a tiring horse, and the son of My Prince went on to win by three lengths from Blue Prince. It transpired afterwards that the saddle on Lady Lindsay's horse had slipped, but for which he might have put up a closer fight with the winner.

Nevertheless, the ill-luck of Blue Prince does nothing to minimise the grand performance put up by the winner, who completed the course in record time.

Luck, too, may have been on the side of Reynoldstown last year. In a field of thirty-five runners Avenger was favourite, the second choice being Golden Miller, back in popular favour by reason of still another win in the Cheltenham Gold Cup.

From the start, Davy Jones, ridden by Mr. Mildmay, took the lead and jumped the water closely attended by Avenger. At the first fence in the country Mrs. Mundy's good young horse fell, but the real tragedy lay in the fact that the fall was a fatal one. Golden Miller had fallen early on in the race, and nothing appeared to be troubling Davy Jones, until coming on to the racecourse Reynoldstown began to reduce the gap. Two fences from home Davy Jones had a clear lead of three lengths from the winner of the preceding year. That he steered an erratic course from here puzzled spectators, who were unable to see that in jumping the fence the buckle of the reins had come undone, and Mr. Mildmay, letting them slip through his fingers, had lost one altogether. He essayed the impossible task of steering the horse home with the remaining rein, but the effort was fruitless, and before the last fence had been reached, Davy Jones had run out of the course, leaving Reynoldstown to win by ten lengths from Ego, with Bachelor Prince third.

He was beautifully ridden throughout the race by Mr. Walwyn, as he had been the previous year by Mr. Furlong. Both subalterns in the 9th Lancers, they completed for their regiment a treble begun forty years ago by the late Sir David Campbell on The Soarer. It was a personal triumph, too, for his owner, Major Furlong, who had trained the horse himself and with such successful results since buying him in Ireland as a green colt from Mr. Ball.

So ends the chronicle of another six years, years, too, that will be remembered as productive of good races and great horses, as witness the lowering of the record four times during the period.

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IN THE PRESS

"The 25 h.p. Salon de Ville has most imposing lines—deliberately restrained—and is admirably proportioned and yet entirely modern in its general appearance."
The Autocar

"The comfort is of a high order, whilst the very wide body allows the driver to make absolutely unimpaired arm movements. Best speed recorded on the road, 79 m.p.h. Acceleration to 50 m.p.h. from rest in 19½ secs. Engine 6-cylinder push rod operated o.h.v. Rating 25.01 h.p. Price £425. A large car, moderately priced with a satisfying all-round performance."
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(Extract of letter from a Wolseley owner)

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A couple of the many pictures taken when the Blankney hounds paid their annual visit to the R.A.F. College at Cranwell. Lord Barnby, who was Master of these hounds from 1909 to 1923, is seen passing the time of day with Group Captain Herring, who is Assistant Commandant at the College; and Mr. J. H. Lager, who is in the other group with many distinguished Wing Commanders and such-like, is Honorary Secretary of the Cranwell Hunt Club.



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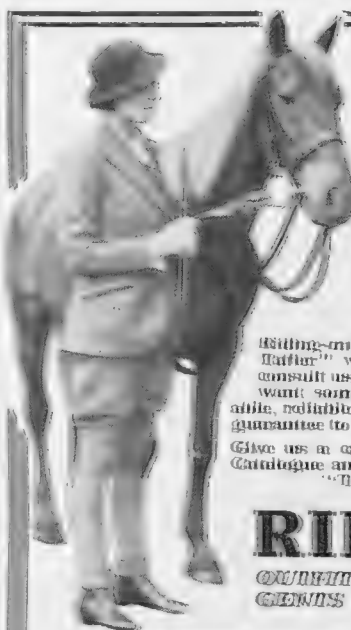


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From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 498

From the Warwickshire

There was too much snow about for the Warwickshire to keep their appointment at Hanwell on Monday, but Mr. Parry and his hounds arrived at the Blue Boar, prepared to hunt on foot if needs be, and by eleven o'clock it was quite possible to ride and enjoy what subsequently proved to be the best scenting day for the last four seasons in that particular bit of country.

It was a treat to see the way hounds worked, and when a beater fox was killed at Billesley in the open after a capital hunt of one hour and forty minutes, if they did eat "every stitch of him" it was a well-deserved meal. As the obituary notices put it, "our heartfelt sympathies go out" at this time to those who have to clean both our hunting clothes and our horses. Breeches or skirts both are caked—and one is reminded of the maid of long ago who said she liked the young ladies well enough, but couldn't stand their dirty habits! Three nice short gallops from Ladbroke and Welsh Road Gorse last Thursday—the customer from the latter being another of those tree foxes which we have shaken out so opportunely of late. Meets rather twisted about to suit the racegoers for Cheltenham; what a pity this grand local meeting always suffers so much from weather conditions! Universal satisfaction must be felt that the Exportation of Horses Bill has passed the second reading. If properly worked out it may save a lot of needless suffering to our faithful hunters, those friends to whom "we freely confess" we owe "the best of our fun" and then in many cases treat with such abominable callousness as soon as their best days are over.

The Point-to-Point and Hunter Trial season is upon us—the Warwickshire Point-to-Point is fixed for April 10, and Mr. Parry's Hunter trials over the miniature course at Ington, which were so deservedly popular last year, are to be repeated on April 5.

From the York and Ainsty

Yorkshire having recovered from what the papers called "The Great Blizzard," both packs resumed operations on Thursday (March 4), the South pack meeting at Skelton. Only a small field turned up, many having been doubtless put off by the state of the country, which was so deep that it would have been impossible to have kept up with hounds had they run fast. Many fields were standing in water, and it became rather a question whether one's animal would mistake a deep ditch for flood-water. We were glad to see our first whipper-in George Windridge, out for the first time since his accident a month ago. From Skelton we had a somewhat long procession to the Low Carrs, where a Haxby Carr fox gave us a slow twenty-five minutes' hunt over the Sutton road. Another in the High Carr soon got to ground, and the day ended with a final slow hunt from the Hundred Acre. Meeting at South Stainley on the same day, the North pack had a slow chase after a fox from the Warren, which in the end beat hounds in Scotton Banks; while in the afternoon they had a rather faster hunt from Ringmoor, though nothing sensational.

The Southerners were booked for Melbourne on Saturday (6th), but we woke up to find an inch of snow and it was still falling, so—this meet being a long way from kennels—it was cancelled. The snow then stopped and had all gone by midday, but as the country was terribly deep it was just as well we didn't invade it.

Ribston generally means a woodland day, but the Northerners had quite good fun there on Monday, even if the foxes refused to run straight. Tuesday with the South pack was somewhat disappointing, the Nun Appleton coverts failing to hold foxes for the first time for many years; we have no better fox preserver than Sir Ben Dawson, but they just weren't at home when we called.

From the Grafton

The meet at the Kennels on Wednesday provided an average day's sport, hounds running well from Bears Copse to Buckingham Thick and, later in the day, from Grafton Covert to Wakefield. Friday was a real "Red Letter" day from Southfields, with a great "send-off" by Mr. and Mrs. Sturdy, stirrup-cups and lots of good cheer. Several coverts were drawn blank to start with, but a stout fox from Plumpton went away over the best line of country to Allithorne, and, oh, what grief, especially over timber; it brought them down like ninepins! "Bush" had a most disastrous altercation with a tree (couldn't decide which way to go), resulting in a broken thumb and a dislocated shoulder which, we fear, will put him out of the saddle for the rest of the season. Back to Plumpton, where we changed foxes, and over very nearly the same line of country, just short of Helmdon, only much faster. These two runs lasted four and a half hours and twenty-five miles as hounds ran. The last part of the second hunt ended in an unusual occurrence. The whip's horse, which up till then had been going AI, suddenly went mad and threw himself about all over the road. It took the combined efforts of our huntsman and its rider the best part of an hour sitting on its head to subdue it until the vet. arrived, and it was then obliged to be destroyed. Saturday from the Green Man proved a busy day, but a good many of our usual followers had gone to the Bicester Point-to-Point.

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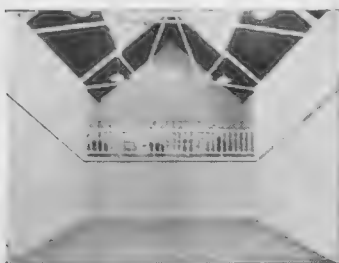
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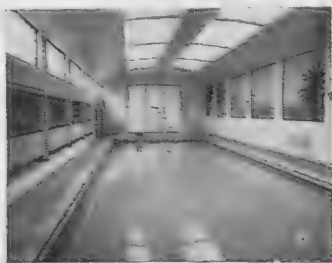
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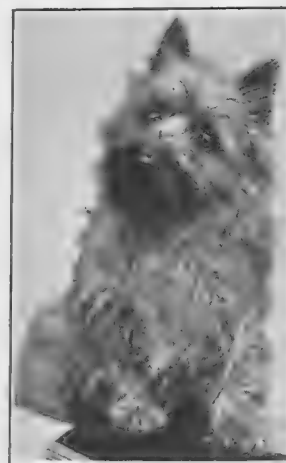
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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

We all of us know the hearty Englishman or woman who says: "Pedigree dogs have no brains, give me a mongrel every time." Some legends die hard, this is one. Why a dog should be more intelligent because it has an apple head, bow legs, an undershot mouth and no shoulders, is a thing no woman (it is usually a man who makes these remarks) can understand. It is an acknowledged fact that well-bred horses, cattle, sheep and pigs are superior to chance-bred ones, so why not dogs. Of course,



CAIRN TERRIER
Bred by Miss Viccars

if you take a dog which has only been used to the show ring out ratting, for example, it is quite possible it may not at first know what to do, but it very soon takes to it and the hereditary instinct is roused. Gundogs, especially Labradors and Golden Retrievers, have shaken free from this tradition—people do not tell you that their Retrievers or Pointers come from goodness knows where—and Foxhounds are among the most highly bred of all animals. It is high time this myth was exploded with regard to Terriers and then we should see fewer mongrels running about.

The schedule of our Open Show on May 19 has gone to press, so it will soon be in the hands of exhibitors. This is always an exciting moment for us.

I should say, take it all in all, that the Cairn is the most popular of the Terriers as a companion and show dog combined; you can keep your Show Cairns as companions. Luckily for the Cairn it is not yet commercialised so retains its old

characteristics and is mostly shown by amateurs. Miss Viccars' kennel has been famous for many years and at present its stars are Ch. Rogue and his daughter, Ch. Miss Rogue. She sends a charming photograph of a full brother, later litter to Miss Rogue. The gentleman has gone to Countess Bondi in Sweden, who is delighted with him. He flew there in 5½ hours! Miss Viccars has some of his puppies, a few of which are for sale, also there are usually youngsters for disposal, all have been carefully bred for generations.

The long-haired Dachshund is, of course, well known in Germany, but

only a few were seen in England before the war. Since then many people have taken them up and they are becoming increasingly popular as companions. They are true Dachshunds with the Dachshund intelligence, and are also extremely pretty, attractive dogs.

Miss Morrison has a small but good kennel of long-haired Dachshunds. She sends a snap of some puppies she has for sale. She says: "They are well bred, healthy and attractive, moderate in price and would make charming pets."



LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUNDS

The property of Miss Morrison

The two Bulldogs in the picture are not in this country, but are the property of Mrs MacDonnell, of Christchurch, New Zealand, who sent the photograph to me, as she thought we might be interested to see them, which we certainly are. She says: "The photograph is of my two Bulldogs both prizewinners. Old White Warrior has not been shown much, but even so, is nearing his Championship; the puppy has only been



BULLDOGS

The property of Mrs. MacDonnell

shown twice and has not been beaten in Junior Classes, in fact, she has won one Open." Mrs MacDonnell is a member of the New Zealand Kennel Club, and these two dogs are typical of what they have out there.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently plead for £12 to help an old man of 79. The greater part of his life has been spent in Surrey, where he was a farm bailiff, but owing to age and acute rheumatism he is now unable to work. His only income is 10s. weekly Old Age Pension, and an occasional shilling earned by looking after his landlady's poultry. The old man asks little of life, but he wants a clean home and regular food, which he cannot afford without extra help. Friends of the Poor are anxious to make his life easier by promising him a small allowance. Please send gifts.

A Coronation-time Costume Ball in the presence of Royalty and held in the Albert Hall is a matter of very considerable importance. A preliminary notice has been issued of this great event, which is to take place on May 13, at the very height of the Coronation festivities. Their Majesties have reserved the Royal Box for their Royal guests, and there is no doubt that this will be one of the outstanding functions of a brilliant and crowded week. The Committee is under the Chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Lytton, the Vice-Chairman is the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and its membership is: The Duchess of Buccleuch, The Countess of Bessborough, Mrs. Kenneth Barnes, The Lady Diana Cooper, The Lady Hermione Cobbold, Lady Colquhoun of Luss, Lady Craik, The Lady Desborough, Mrs. Walter Elliot, The Countess of Erne, Mrs. Fordham Flower, Miss Elsie Fogerty, D.B.E., Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, The Viscountess Halifax, The Marchioness of Hartington, The Lady Hillingdon, The Hon. Mrs. Alan Lascelles, The Countess of Lytton, The Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, The Lady Muriel Paget, O.B.E., The Duchess of Rutland, The Marchioness of Salisbury, The Marchioness of Willington, Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth.



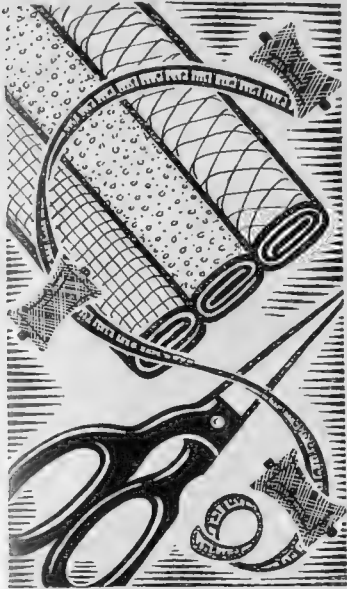
AT THE PREMIERE OF "THUNDER IN THE CITY": MISS FLORA ROBSON AND MR. BRACKENBURY

Thunder in the City is the British film now showing at the London Pavilion. It is an admirable tale of an American publicity man let loose to do his worst on a startled London. Flora Robson is, of course, the magnificent Queen Elizabeth in that other excellent British picture, *Fire Over England*.

The ball is in aid of the effort, very long overdue, to provide a National Theatre, and all those who can enjoy a good play and good acting will, no doubt, be interested in this project, which must certainly ensure an improvement in the level of dramatic art and criticism in this country. Apart from this consideration, the ball will most surely be an occasion such as is not likely to be seen for some time to come. The first issue of tickets will be at two guineas and will include supper—many of these are already sold. Boxes may be booked by arrangement. Seats to view from the balcony may be had at seven shillings and sixpence, including tax. Tickets may be obtained from the Royal Albert Hall, the ticket agencies, the Headquarters, 50, Pall Mall, and from G. Sherwood Foster, 19, Upper Grosvenor Street, to whom all correspondence should be addressed. Telephone: Mayfair 2052.

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In "Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack" for 1937 Mr. H. D. G. Leveson Gower, the former Oxford captain, contributes an article on "Recollections of Oxford Cricket." Full statistics of the career of A. P. Freeman, the Kent slow bowler are given in the Almanack. For the "Five Cricketers of the Year" the choice has fallen upon Copson and Worthington, two members of Derbyshire's Championship-winning eleven of 1936. Merchant, the big success of India's team in England, Gower, the Surrey fast bowler, who took 200 wickets, and Barnett, of Gloucestershire, the one regular opening batsman to score 2,000 or more runs. Cricket Records have been augmented by details of "Highest innings total made by each first-class county" and "Highest individual innings played for each first-class county." With much cricket to be dealt with, the number of pages in Cricket's Year Book has increased from 1,035 to 1,055 pages.



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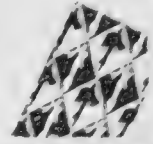
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sent on
request.*

P.11. Hat of fine exotic straw, trimmed with variegated Spring flowers. In Lido-blue, brown, navy or black. Other colours to definite order. Head sizes: Small, medium and large. **45/-**

Millinery
Second Floor.

**EASTER
SHOPPING**
Open until
6.30 p.m.
from
17th to 24th
inclusive.



P.12. Attractive hat in lur felt trimmed with band of stitched petersham ribbon, for town or country. In black, navy, London-tan, nigger, also beige and nigger and grey trimmed in two tones. Sizes: 6½, 7, 7½ **25/9**

Peter Robinson LTD.

OXFORD STREET
and
REGENT STREET. W.1

*'I must apologise—I came
straight on from golf—
hadn't a minute to
dash home and
change'*

*'Well there's no need for
apologies you look
grand. That's a
Braemar suit
you're wearing,
I bet'*



The lady just off the golf-course is wearing a Braemar knitted tailored suit which is not only supremely comfortable but irreproachably fashion-right. This suit costs 89/6. Her friend is wearing a Braemar jumper in cobweb-weight Pure Cashmere which costs 27/6. If you would like to see other Braemar styles with range of prices, write to the makers (the address is below) for the charming new Spring booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

BRAEMAR

KNITTED SPORTSWEAR

*You can get 'Braemar' at
most good Stores and Shops*

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD.

Hawick, Scotland, and at

Axtell House, Warwick Street, London, W.1.



For the Small Woman

A graceful line is achieved in this Model Evening Gown of silk amorosa, in a lovely shade of turquoise, with a spray of stitched gold kid leaves.
Made to order in our own workrooms in any shade.

16½ gns.

(Small Woman's Department, Third Floor.)

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& Freebody.**
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street,
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YOUR Social Success DEMANDS A FITTING FOUNDATION



...for the new fashion innovations from Paris, New York and Hollywood were fitted on foundations especially created for them.

The new Directoire—so prominent for evening wear—provides seductive significance to your figure only when you are properly fitted underneath.



Step-in Girdle of firm porous Tu-Way fabric with Talon side closing, boned in front only.
Roth Creation Model 3212, sizes 25 to 32 - - - 35/6

- FOR FORMAL WEAR
- FOR TOWN
- FOR SPORTS

*Bon Ton Foundations
Roth Creations*

FOUNDATIONS OF TRADITIONAL BEAUTY

We will gladly send illustrated booklet
"The New Silhouette," with name of
nearest retailer, on request.

WORCESTER CORSETRY Ltd. (Wholesale only)
131 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

A Coat and
Skirt Style in

Black & White

... with
Persian Lamb
from

Derrys

Maggy Rouff
designed this handsome
suit in dazzling con-
trast. Jet black wool
skirt and white angora
coat with handsome
Persian Lamb revers.
Size 36 hips.

No approval

Rose Valois
inspired the beautiful
hat, this is in felt.
The band finished with
tiny pearl buttons



DERRY & TOMS
Kensington, W.8

Suit Salon: Fourth Floor

Fashions for Girls



SCHOOL OUTFITS

For some years we have been privileged to act as official outfitters to many famous Girls' Schools. Our experience and expert staff enable us to offer a specialised service.

Girls' Navy Frock in Wool Marocain, neat style with broad shoulders, smartly trimmed with buttons and contrasting stitched collar and cuffs. Sizes lengths: 40, 42, 44 and 46 in.
Price for 40 in. **55/6**

rising 2/- per size.

Navy Serge Coat and Skirt, ideal for school wear. Coat double breasted, skirt has inverted pleat centre front with plain back. Sizes 5-9.
Price for all sizes **49/6**

Other qualities 65/6 and 79/6.

School panamas.
Prices from 6/-.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF GIRLS' FASHIONS

Dickins & Jones LTD.
REGENT ST., W.1. REGENT 7070



Henry Heath Ltd.
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond Street W.1.

8543. "DAWN", regd. Medium brimmed fur felt with punched crown. In all fashionable colours, 21/- Agencies everywhere.



This luxurious coat comes from our Spring collection of Model furs. Made from selected specimen Silver Fox—the skins being blue black and gloriously silvered.

150 GNS

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Toinette

Did you know that Walpoles clothes are as smart as their linens are lovely? That their fashion salon is cram full of cruising kit and Easter elegancies, combining craftsmanship with chic and durability with daring? You didn't? Then there's a pleasant surprise in store for you.

EXQUISITE LINENS • EXCLUSIVE CLOTHES

Toinette (in photograph). Something new in Spring Coats and Skirts — in a heavy cotton marcella with an attractive printed design, in the newest colours, on a white ground. 36" to 44" 69/6

Tessa. Attractive canvas effect with coloured spots on a beige ground. 36" to 44" 41/6

Tania. Tailored Tennis Dress in heavy Macclesfield Silk. 36" to 46" 49/6

Walpoles

Managers and Designers
Catherine and George Walpole

BOND STREET • SLOANE STREET • KENSINGTON HIGH STREET

New Spring Hats ...at Debenhams



With a becoming line, in linen baku, and petersham, in black, brown or navy.

A Collection of Advance Designs for the Spring now invites inspection in the Model Millinery Salon on the First Floor.

**Debenham
& Freebody.**
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
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Fitting Pretty

A Van Raalte Singlette fits so that you're sitting pretty, standing pretty and moving pretty. It disciplines you gently but firmly. It is vest, brassiere, girdle, pantie and suspenders all in one. Yet it's just a dainty piece of lingerie you can fold into the palm of your hand, and it washes amazingly well.

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Sole Distributors in the British Isles:
G. Malcolm & Co., Langham House, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Van Raalte. • "because you love nice things"

The New Home Of
NETTA
in New Bond Street



New Spring Collection
now on view . . .



LONDON'S FINEST FASHION HOUSE
Specialising in Slenderising Gowns for the
FULLER FIGURE

Here it is at last—in the very heart of London's smartest shopping centre—a fashion house specialising in slenderising afternoon and evening gowns, two pieces, woollen frocks, etc., for the not-so-slim of all ages! Gowns so cleverly cut—so cunningly adapting fashion's latest note to the requirements of the fuller figure!

In these luxuriously fitted showrooms the majority of figures from 42" up to 50" hips can be fitted from stock with the

minimum of alteration—for years of specialisation have brought fitting the fuller figure to a fine art at Netta! Courteous assistants, trained to assist your choice and not under any circumstances to press you to buy, will do everything possible to make your visits a pleasure indeed.

No pains have been spared to make this opening collection at Bond Street one of the outstanding fashion events of the Spring Season!

NETTA

95 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
One minute from Oxford Street *and at Croydon*

*An example of a
NETTA young, full
fitting frock at 3½ quires*





GRENFELL CLOTH GOLF WEAR FOR MEN

BECAUSE the process by which "Grenfell" Cloth is rendered RAIN-, WIND- and COLD-PROOF does not cause the material to become Weighty or Stuffy, this Cloth is ideal for Golf Wear . . . Perfect weather protection is ensured without loss of essential comfort or freedom!

The COAT illustrated is correctly cut for Golf from double texture "Grenfell" Cloth. In Fawn, or Navy, with Zip or Button front - - - - - 45/-

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The CAP of "Grenfell" Cloth - - - - - 10/6

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FOLDER "WET
WEATHER
GOLF KIT"
POST FREE ON
REQUEST

Lillywhites
OF
Piccadilly Circus

Maternity

ADAPTABLE DAY
AND
EVENING GOWNS
FROM - 4½ GNS.

COMFORTABLE
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FOR SELECTION
AND FITTING.

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ON REQUEST

Gowns on Approval on
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SPECIAL ATTENTION
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PERMANENT FACE REJUVENATION BY THE

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TREATMENT
is guaranteed to make the Face
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MME. MANNERS—LONDON'S LEADING FACIAL
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ALL AGEING LINES, WRINKLES, CROWSFEET, SAGGING CHEEKS AND NECK—
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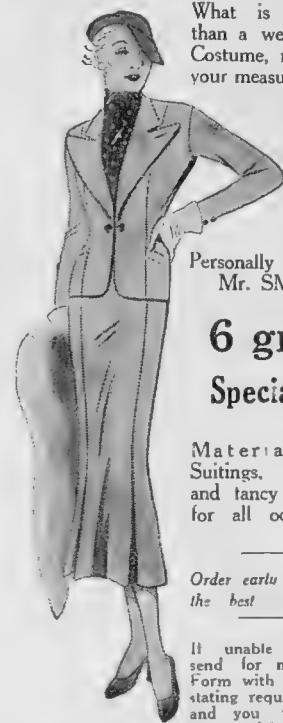
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What is smarter
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Costume, made to
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Personally cut by
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**6 gns.
Specialist**

Materials in
Suitings, check
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Order early and get
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If unable to call,
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DELIGHTFUL
FROCK
in fancy
silk crepe
is available
in black,
navy blue
and a wide
variety of
latest
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Sizes 36-42
hips.

5½ gns.
Think how
lovely it
would look
in the sum-
mer with
a shiny
coarse
straw sailor
hat. We
have ex-
clusive
models in
stock
from 1 gns.



GENE KOSKY LTD.

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Revillon greets the Spring



Beautiful skins of white Russian Ermine make this evening cape of graciously flowing lines, with a collar of Natural Blue Fox, and elegant lining of Silver Lamé.

249 gns.

Russian Ermine, dyed to a rich Cocoa shade, is skilfully worked in this smart cape, beautifully moulded with a scalloped hem and very new neck-line.

69 gns.

The Hat also is from the Revillon New Collection.



Revillon

180, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Be Glorified BY GOSSARD

Thrilling new creations . . . lovelier, sheerer fabrics . . . more beautiful, more youthful silhouettes . . . such are the offerings of the new Line of Beauty foundations by Gossard. Smarter women on two continents are already intrigued by their new glamorous designs . . . their caressing control.



MODEL 7370 is a STEP-IN for the tall figure. It is made of GOSS-AMOUR, the power-elastic net so sheer and fine that its appearance belies its firmness. Slender front panel of lace. Tea rose. Sizes 26 to 32. - - 63/-

MODEL 3656—a new Simplicity of art satin with satin elastic panels. It is a semi Step-in design with a "Lightning" fastener at the side. Lace top; low fitting at back. Tea rose. Sizes 34 to 42 (odd and even). - 52/6

GOSSARD

New Line of Beauty

New illustrated Catalogue sent upon request

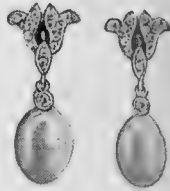
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Fashion's Way in Jewellery

Exclusive Designs from
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Fa 60
The mode for Marcasite Jewellery is expressed in this BROOCH of charming design with Cultured Pearl centre. Size 1½ ins. Price 29/6



Fa 61
Attractive EARRINGS in Paste with Pearl drop of beautiful lustre. Length 1½ ins. Price 15/9



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Exclusive EARRINGS of finest Paste, Silver setting, intriguing creole design. Price 49/6



Fa 63
Becoming EARRINGS, distinctive design, in finest Marcasite. Length 1 in. Price 25/9



Distinctive
Brooch

Fa 64
Fashion's note. Floral design BROOCH in Marcasite with Cultured Pearl centre. Length 2½ ins. 29/6

Fa 65
Dainty CLIPS for all occasions, in your hat, gown or hair, in finest Marcasite. (Illustration on left.) Length 1½ ins. Price 29/6

Woollands

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Spring Fashion Book sent Free on Request.

Gorringes CHOOSE Bective SHOES



Q.6364.

Q.6364. Popular COURT SHOE in Suede and Glaze Kid, designed for perfect fitting, with smart medium toe and 2½ in. Louis heel. In Green, Blue, Brown or Black. 25/9

Q.2564. New and attractive OXFORD SHOE in SUEDE with bands of Glaze Kid, medium toe and Louis heel. In Blue, Green or Brown. 32/6



Q.2564.

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STOCKISTS

FREDERICK GORRINGE LTD.
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Two minutes from Victoria Station Phone: VICTORIA 0600 (24 lines)



DISTINCTIVE KNITWEAR FOR SPRING DAYS

DICKINS & JONES

ROY

A model Suit in Novelty Jersey fabric, impeccably tailored on jaunty lines. The self-coloured wool embroidered and contrasting Suede belt, the shoulder movement and new neck line are all good news. So right with or without a sweater. In navy blue, lapis-lazuli blue Robin Hood green and Nut Brown. In small, medium and quite large sizes. Price **4½ Gns**

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This Suit is a classic. It is perfectly tailored of our superb quality Tweed Knit fabric, which has all the appearance of a Scotch shepherd's plaid Tweed, but the kindly fit and softness which only a Jersey can give. We can fit all sizes from tiny to very large. Try one on or send us bust and hip measurements for one on approval. In nigger-and-string, navy-and-string or other colourings (including black and white) to special order. Sizes **4½ Gns** 34-46" fittings. Price **4½ Gns**

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A triumph at the price, this little Two-piece: straight from Vienna is in a Novelty Jersey cloth, intricately cut, the detail on both short-sleeved Dress and complementary Coat make it look "a million dollars"! Come and try it on. In navy blue, delphinium blue, light green or maize yellow. Small, medium and quite large sizes. Price **4½ Gns**

Knitwear Dept.: Third Floor.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF SPRING FASHIONS—DICKINS & JONES, LTD., REGENT STREET, W.1.

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EXCELLENT 5 COURSE
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A Lavish & Spectacular Stage Show!

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TITLED LADIES' GOWNS



Also Direct from Eminent
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The REGENT DRESS CO. (Ladies' Dept.) have a Wonderful Selection of Latest Model DAY AND EVENING GOWN, COATS 2 and 3-PIECE SUITS, &c., by HARTNELL, CHANEL, CHIAPARELLI, &c., 1 to 8 gns. (approx. quarter original cost). NEW or Worn Once Only. RIDING HABIT by BUSVINE, &c.

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(Next door to Café Monaco) Gerrard 7326.
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT (NEW SAVILE ROW
SUITS, OVERCOATS, etc.) ON SECOND FLOOR

LILLA Handworked SMOCKS

Artistic yet Practical. Idea for a host of purposes. Hard wearing. Handsmocked in self or mixture of colours to tone with any colour schemes. Over 40 styles. 30 guaranteed materials in hundreds of colours.

Model 13 illustrated, in TUB FAIRIC 21/9

Also in Figured Durumay 25/9 & many other materials to 72/6 Short Smocks - from 15/11 CAN BE SENT ON APPRO

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Phone VIC. 7751.



New Spring
Catalogue
of Kiddies'
Wear sent
free on re-
quest.



New Coats for Spring

The introduction by
Gooch's of the New
Flannel Tailor-
Made for Boys met
with instant success

The "Buxton"

A new model in Flannel

Good quality flannel is an ideal material for boys' Spring Coats. Stocked in two shades of plain Grey flannel and in Tweeds and Covert Coating. To fit 4 to 8 years.

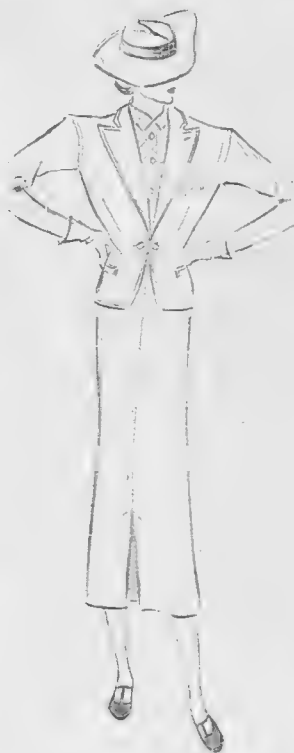
Flannels, First size **34/6**
Rising 1/- each size.

Covert Coating, **41/6**
First size -
Rising 1/6 each size.

Tweed,
First size - **38/-**
Rising 1/6 each size.

GOOCH'S

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Phone: KENSington 5100



Tailored Suit in the new shade
of yellow, of thin hopsac, bound
braid - **5½ gns.**

Also in grey flannel **4 gns.**

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profit

for your hair—



Why not keep your hair
always as lovely and neat as
it is now? It's so easy, you
know—if you wear the
Venida (Invisible) Hair Net.
It's tested strands keep every
wave in its natural position
... keep your hair always
looking its best.

VENIDA

THE GUARANTEED
HAIR NET



Make a match every shade of hair.
In Single or Double Mesh, 6d. each
(2 for 1/-). Grey and White 1/- each.
Also Venida BUN NETS, with or
without elastic, in all colours, 2/6
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any difficulty, write to Venida Ltd.,
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silk Stockings that have those extra 'little things'!

It's the little things that count so much with stockings! Especially stockings with the exquisite finish and attention to detail that stamps every pair of 'LEDA'. They will not sag, twist on the leg or lose their colour through weeks of hard wear. For a really beautiful, easy-to-wear stocking your choice must inevitably be 'LEDA'.

'LEDA' Two-Thread (Sheer) 6/11

Shades of Rusti, Sungold, Ocre-Beige, Tea-dance or Afrique.

3 pairs 20/-

'LEDA' A, 8/11

3 pairs 26/- with clocks

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3 pairs 20/- without clocks

'LEDA' C, 4/11

3 pairs 14/- without clocks

Colours: Rusti, Dark Beaver, Gunmetal, Greige, Rose Beige, Gala, New Grey, Java Tan, Sun-touch, Rio

Obtainable only at

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Here is the
perfection in
real Scottish
Knitwear that
every woman
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*"Alba
Knitwear"*

is obtainable only from the well-known Edinburgh house—Greensmith Downes. You can have any of their garments sent on approval, and the firm will pay return postage.



The LORNE (illustrated) is a very smart Alba Dress in Crêpe Jersey cloth. Pink-tan design on front.

Colours: Light navy, nigger, sapphire blue, green, powder blue, light navy, rosewood and black.

Sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46 in. Price

69/6

Size 48 in.

72/6

Write for the new Spring Brochure, beautifully illustrated in colour showing latest models & post card prices.

Greensmith Downes Ltd.

George Street, Edinburgh, N.W.

ALSO AT ST. ANDREWS



A Cold Nor'-EASTER?

Present indications for Easter point to unusually wet and chilly weather. The one safeguard against any tricks the weather may play is to take The Burberry with you.

It gives complete protection no matter whether it rains or sleets and, more than that, should the days be cold and 'blustery,' The Burberry reveals itself as an ideal topcoat of comforting warmth. Again, by virtue of its self-ventilating qualities, mild or even close spells are met with airfree consistency.

These are the invaluable points that recommend The Burberry,

*The World's Best Weatherproof
One of the World's Best Overcoats*

Patterns and prices sent on mention of "The Tatler."

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET,
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... This is the tie
that Jack bought ...
it's a Brocklehurst

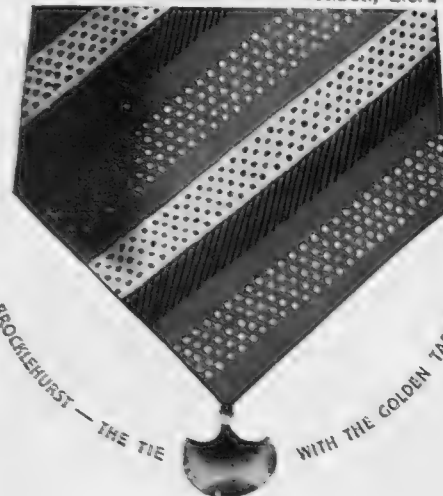


You might have chosen another pattern or shade — but since Brocklehurst ties come in the widest possible choice it's easy to please everyone. And all agree anyhow, that there's no value to come anywhere near them — every Brocklehurst tie is of real Macclesfield silk, extra wide, extra long, carefully lined to knot and hang perfectly and stitched with silk (a luxury usually reserved for the six-and-sixpenny varieties, but here you have it for 2/6 !). From all good outfitters.

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TIES · 2/6 · 5/6 · 4/6 · 6/6

Prices apply to Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland only. In case of difficulty write: BROCKLEHURST WHISTON AMALGAMATED LTD. 57 GRESHAM STREET - LONDON, E.C.2



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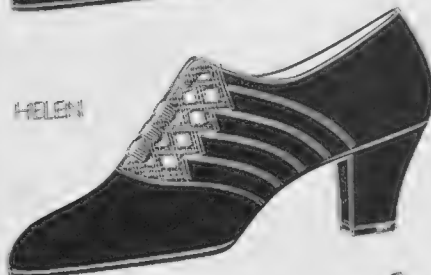


Smile
OVER THE MILES

LE BEAU



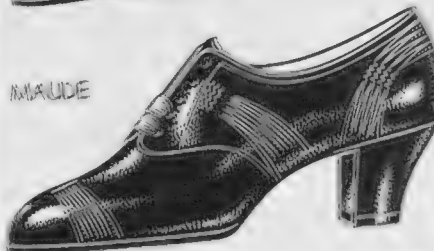
HELEN



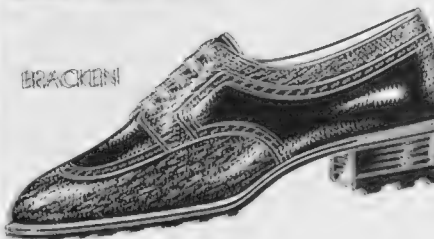
VENUTA



MAUDE



BRACKEN



WITH

Arch-Curve
FITTING

After a long day, do your feet cry out? Perhaps they have been badly treated. Perhaps only length and width were considered, when your ARCH CURVES should have been fitted too.

They can be, in the smart new styles of Selberite Arch Preservers for this Spring. Then your feet will carry you over the miles, smiling.

Incidentally, you would buy these shoes for their style-appearance alone, apart from their patented scientific features.

Selberite

ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorized to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with a catalogue of new styles for Spring, to—

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.

(London Office) 53 REGENT ARCADE HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1

Look for this
trade mark
All genuine
Arch Preservers
bear it.



ABDO

The Foundation of Figure Beauty



A beautiful figure is the first essential of smartness. And beauty of form is yours in a flash if you wear an ABDO Foundation. ABDO will enhance your natural loveliness and will give your figure perfect support. ABDO comes in many styles for slender, average or full figures. No. TM 75, illustrated, is an excellent example of the ABDO Vellastic garments for slight and average figures, made in Tea Rose Vellastic and broche. Vellastic panels at side, back and centre front, 12 inches deep, fitted with Lightning fastener. Stocked in sizes 23-32 waist - 39/6

SWAN & EDGAR

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. . Regent 1616

Liberty's



From the
LIBERTY
MODEL
GOWN
DEPARTMENT

ENSEMBLE in blue silk with
accompanying wool lace Coatee

18½ Guineas

LIBERTY & CO., LTD.
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Telephone: Regen 1234

JAEGER

Cashmere



Soft and warm, yet almost uncannily light in weight, cashmere is the perfect complement to a town or country suit. Jaeger have captured its softness and warmth in a score of the neatest shapes and the loveliest colours.

JAEGER HOUSE 204 REGENT STREET W.1

OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER SHOP

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**Tangee's Colour Change Principle assures
your one most becoming shade . . .**

Today . . . prove how Tangee's magic Colour Change Principle brings out your own loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to blush-rose. The whole day long, at work

or play, your Tangee beauty will charm everyone. Paris bans painted lips. Tangee *isn't* paint.. cannot give a 'painted look'. Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has Colour Change Principle.



**Tangee Lipstick's special cream base keeps
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At bedtime, apply Tangee. It soothes your lips while you sleep, makes them soft, youthful. And Tangee doesn't come off on bed linens. Unlike ordinary cosmetics, Tangee need not be

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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

**BEWARE
OF SUBSTITUTES!**
There is only one
Tangee. . . Be sure to
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NATURAL**. If you
prefer more colour for
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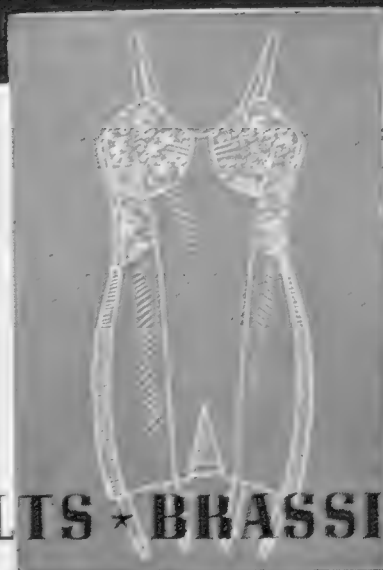


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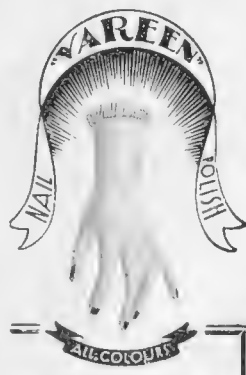
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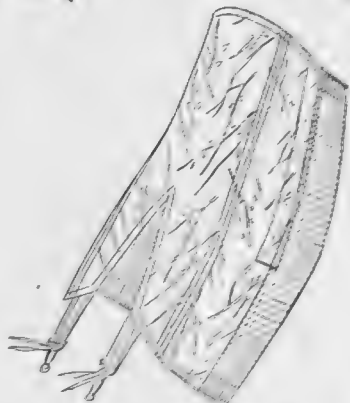
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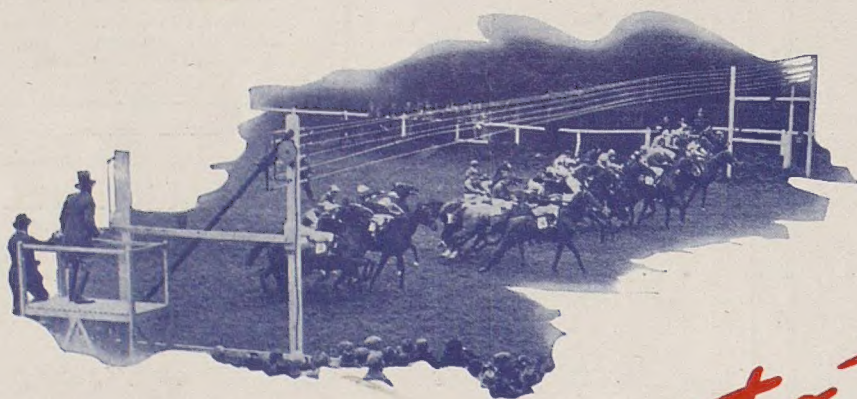
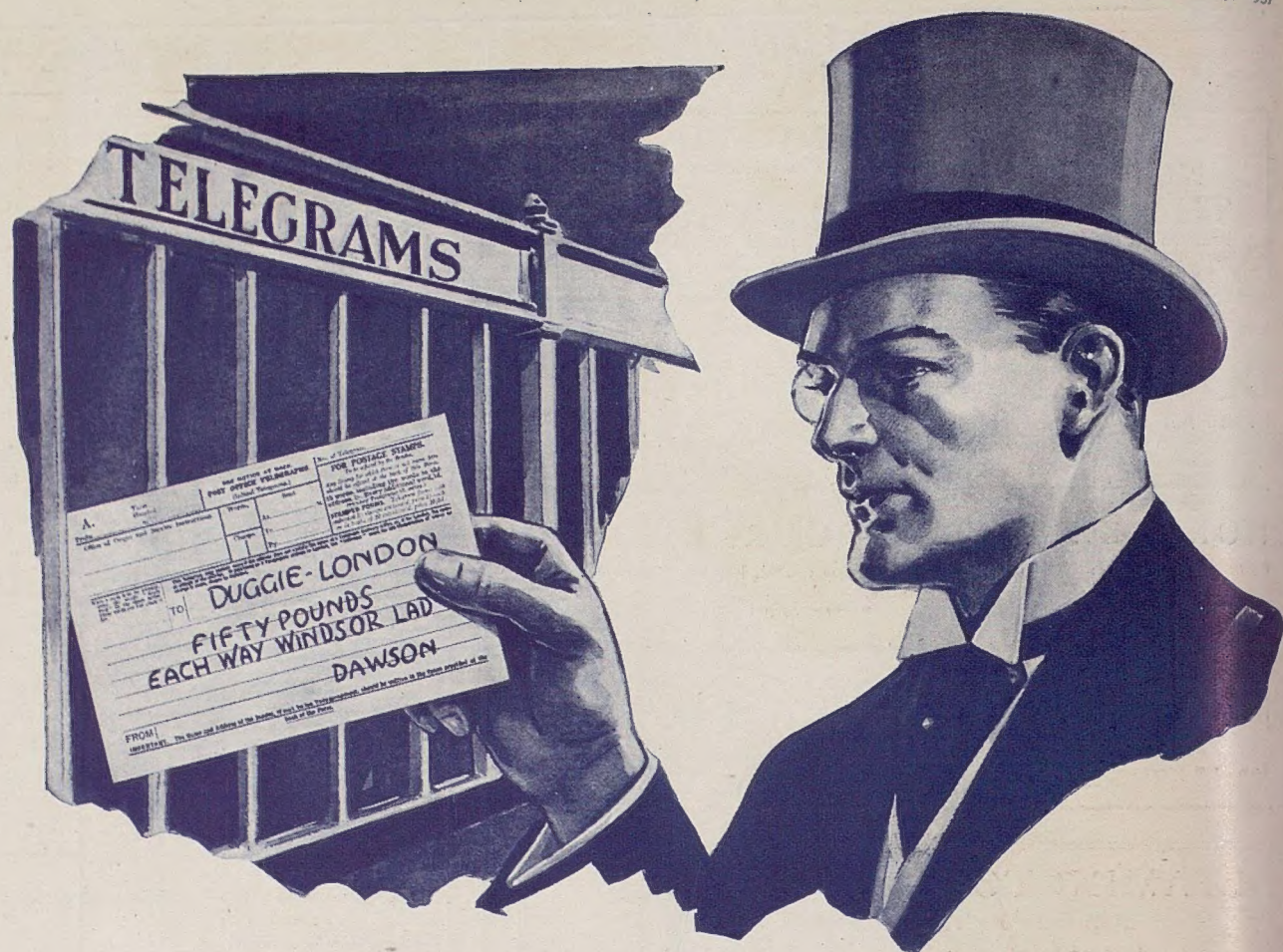
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